Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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The Farce of Enforcement

BY COURTLANDT NICOLL

THE author, a prominent New York lawyer and former State Senator, played a leading part in organizing the much-discussed Committee of Legal Volunteers, which offers free legal aid to defendants coming under Senator Wesley L. Jones's drastic Prohibition enforcement law. This action has been paralleled in other cities, has been widely assailed by dry leaders, and has added new fuel to the ever increasing flames of Prohibition controversy. Mr. Nicoll here explains his motives, suggesting that the Jones Law is one of the most effective steps yet taken for the eventual nullification of the Eighteenth Amendment.

SOON *the persecution itself, as is generally the case, caused the crime to spread, and it appeared in new forms. . . . For many of each sex and of every age and rank are and will continue to be suspected. The mischief has spread, not only through the cities, but also through the villages and open country.*

Familiar as they seem, the words quoted above were not taken from any contemporary report on Prohibition conditions. They were written eighteen and a quarter centuries ago. They are extracts from a letter sent by Pliny, Governor of Bithynia, to the Emperor Trajan, asking his advice on the "enforcement" problem, in the year A.D. 104. The crime to which they refer is Christianity!

Though written so long ago, this correspondence is interesting in the light of present events. Pliny wants to know how far he should go in enforcing the law. He explains that, although he has inquired into the matter with some care, and has tried to obtain "the real truth by putting to the torture two maidens, who are called deaconesses", he could not discover that the Christians did anything wrong, and that at worst they were but subject to a "perverse and excessive superstition". He states that he was, therefore, most reluctant to punish them, unless clearly convinced of their guilt in each case.

The Emperor's reply contains a

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valuable lesson in humanity to many who call themselves Christians. After complimenting Pliny on his attitude, and warning him to pay no attention to anonymous accusations, he says, "They (the Christians) must not be sought after".

Today, with our land filled with Government spies, with its *agents provocateurs*, informers and stool pigeons trying to "seek after" and secure the harsh punishment of those who, like the Christians of antiquity, have violated the law but in doing so have done nothing wrong or dangerous to others, how calm and Christian seems the advice of the pagan emperor!

WE AMERICANS like to see our moral precepts in the criminal law. We hang Roosevelt's words, "Hit the line hard, but play the game fair", in our boys' rooms and then amend the Penal Law of New York to provide that any player on a professional team who "throws" a game, shall be guilty of a felony. "So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity": consequently, illicit love is made a misdemeanor in Pennsylvania, and also in New York if either party is married. "Be ye temperate in all things": and we have the "Jones Law" which provides that the penalty imposed for each offense shall be a fine not to exceed $10,000, or imprisonment not to exceed five years, or both.

Excellent as is the purpose of these statutes, they completely miss their aim because they represent attempts to accomplish by criminal law results which cannot be attained by that means. Though occasionally used for blackmailing purposes, most of such laws are innocuous. No serious attempt to enforce them is made. They lie quietly in the Penal Codes of the several States, to be looked at like mottoes on the wall, stating our moral ambitions, but not to be taken too seriously.

WHEN we try to take them seriously and enforce them, as in the case of the National Prohibition Act, the effort brings more evils in its train than the statute was designed to cure. Sportsmanship, clean living and temperance cannot be ensured by penal statute. The Federal Government was not created to be a moral policeman, and the criminal law is solely to protect society by punishing acts which are universally condemned as immoral, or are necessarily dangerous to the well-being of another, or of his property. When the Federal Government steps out of bounds and tries in an alien sphere to enforce moral reforms by penal legislation, it makes a double error, and, consequently, a double failure.

In Christian countries at least, the moderate use of intoxicants is not universally condemned as immoral, nor is it so dangerous to the rights of others as to be generally regarded in the civilized world as warranting penal legislation wholly prohibiting traffic in liquor.

The Eighteenth Amendment and the National Prohibition statute are examples of an effort to stop, by penal law, acts which many people wish to commit and which in themselves are not immoral or inherently dangerous to others.

History is strewn with the wrecks of such legislation *and shows no*

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examples of its success, except for a limited period, in a restricted area, under military control. I have already referred to Christianity, which was a "bootleg" religion until the ban against it was lifted by Constantine in 311 A.D. Other instances are the laws against heresy, those against witchcraft, and the numerous "blue laws" which still encumber the statute books of many of the States.

American history furnishes two interesting examples of the failure of these efforts, each of which bears a close Constitutional and legal analogy to the present prohibition situation.

THE first of these was the effort to enforce the provisions of the Federal Constitution regarding the return of fugitive slaves (Article 4, Section 2, Paragraph 3). Here we had a Constitutional provision expressly declared by the Supreme Court to be "a fundamental article without the adoption of which the Union could not have been formed". *Prigg* v *Pennsylvania* (16 Pet. [U. S.] 539; p. 612). After unavailing efforts to secure the enforcement of this Constitutional provision the question was finally thought settled by the adoption of the great Enforcement Act of 1850, providing in detail the machinery and method of its enforcement by the Federal Courts in strict conformity with the Constitution of the United States. The act is known in history as "The Fugitive Slave Law".

Everything that is said today of the necessity of obeying the law because *it is the law*, was said in the decade prior to the Civil War in regard to the necessity of supporting the Fugitive Slave Law. Movements for "law enforcement" were started by leaders in religion, business and the professions.

AT THE great "Enforcement Meeting" held in 1850 at New York, Daniel Webster declared that the law, though not perfect, was the law of the land and must be enforced. "No man", he cried, "has a right to set up, or to affect to set up, his own conscience as above the law". After the rescue of a Negro from a United States marshal in Boston, President Fillmore, on February 18, 1851, issued a proclamation "calling on all well-disposed citizens to rally to the support of the laws of this country" and addressed a special message to Congress on the subject, in which he said that, so far as depended on him "the law shall be faithfully executed . . . and to this end I am prepared to exercise, whenever it may become necessary, the power Constitutionally vested in me, to the fullest extent". In the case of *Ableman* v *Booth*, (21 How. [U. S.] 506) the Supreme Court took a hand in the matter, declaring that "it is among the first and highest duties of a citizen . . . to yield a ready obedience to the law" (page 525). Both political platforms in 1852 contained "law enforcement" planks, the Democratic plank declaring:

> The Statute, being designed to carry out an express provision of the Constitution, cannot, with fidelity thereto, be repealed or so changed as to destroy or impair its efficiency. . . .

This declaration was received with such uproarious enthusiasm by the Convention, that it had to be read twice.

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But "enforcement" had no better success in those years than it has today. People in the Northern States thought the acts prohibited by the Fugitive Slave Law neither wrong nor injurious, and openly violated it. As today, members of Congress privately violated the law to which they gave their support in public. I quote from *The Anti-Slavery Crusade* by May (Yale University Press 1920, page 135): "The Ohio Senator, who, in his lofty preserve at the Capitol of his country, could discourse eloquently of his readiness to keep faith with the South in the matter of the faithful execution of the Fugitive Slave Law, became, when at home with his family, a flagrant violator of the law."

In the South, of course, where the law was but the expression of public opinion, it worked smoothly and well, but the inability of the Federal Government to enforce it roused the ire of the slave States. "Worthless", "impotent", "a nuisance" were some of the epithets hurled at Washington by the law-abiding South.

Following the Civil War came the second great effort to enforce Constitutional provisions by Federal laws penalizing acts which many considered neither wrong nor injurious. By the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments the Negroes were guaranteed civil and political rights equal, in all respects, to those of the white inhabitants. The efforts of the Government to secure these rights culminated in the statute known as "The Enforcement Act of 1870". Senator Schurz explained the purpose of this Act as follows: "In other words, neither a State nor an individual shall deprive any citizen, on account of race or color, of the free exercise of his right to participate in the functions of self-government; and the National Government assumes the duty to prevent the commission of the crime and to correct the consequences, when committed."

In the years when the Federal authorities tried to enforce this law, with the aid, by the way, of the Army, the country passed through another era of "law enforcement" meetings, clogged court calendars, prosecutions ending nowhere, and a general spirit of lawlessness in those parts of the country where the law was not supported by public opinion.

Since 1878, when President Hayes withdrew the Army from the Southern States, no serious effort has been made by the Federal Government to enforce these provisions of its own Constitution. The brave words of the Republican platform of 1876, pledging the party to secure "to every citizen complete liberty and exact equality in the exercise of all civil, political and public rights" had, by the year 1928, dwindled to a plank pledging it to discourage Negro lynchings!

And, curiously enough, the most ardent champion of "law enforcement" in our decade explicitly approved the nullification of these Constitutional amendments. William Jennings Bryan declared in New York, in 1908, "The white man of the South has disfranchised the Negro in self-protection; and there is not a Republican in the North who

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would not have done the same thing under the same circumstances".

"*No man has the right to set up, or affect to set up, his own conscience as above the law*".

Looking back through history, would the people who hold this point of view today, have been for "Law Enforcement" when Christianity was a crime? Would they have been for the enforcement of the laws against heresy and witchcraft? Would they have denied to America the right to independence? Would they have sent the slave back to his master, or shackled the South with Negro domination, supported by military power? I think not.

As Seward replied to Webster, "There is a higher law than the Constitution".

WHAT is going to happen? More laws? Larger appropriations? Heavier penalties? They amount to nothing. "It is useless", as Calvin Coolidge said, "to attempt to dragoon the body when the need is to appeal to the soul," and the soul cannot be terrorized into obedience, or persuaded to it, by the plea that it must uphold the law. As Pliny pointed out, "persecution . . . causes a crime to spread." People who are conscious of no moral wrong resent being held in restraint, and intelligence revolts at the command to consider acts wrong or harmful when the common experience of mankind proves that they are neither.

The fact is that the Federal Government, in Prohibition matters, is like a huge battleship in shallow waters, manned by a disloyal crew and engaged in a guerrilla warfare against an outwardly friendly, but secretly rebellious people. Her fighting ability is not increased by heavier armor, larger cannon, additions to her personnel, or by hoisting more flags, though they lessen her manœuvring ability. Once in a while one of her great guns goes off, hits the mark, and a man or woman goes to jail. But mighty as she is, she is powerless because not used for the purpose for which she was constructed.

The first thing to do is to get the ship into deep water again; that is, to take the National Government out of the shoals of trying to secure an ambitious moral reform by the enforcement of a criminal law enacted by a Government of limited power. When the temperate people are convinced that their objective cannot be obtained by Federal penal legislation, no matter how many laws they pass or how severe they make them, we will have accomplished the first step toward a reform of the present conditions.

FORTUNATELY, the "Jones Law," placing heavier penalties on certain acts made criminal by the National Prohibition Statute, has created a situation whereby the country may be impressed with the futility of the whole effort. Raising the penalties has taken the manufacture, sale and transportation of intoxicants out of the misdemeanor class and placed them in the class with such felonies as arson and manslaughter in the lower degrees. Under the Federal Constitution, as well as under those of most of the States, persons accused of such serious offenses must go through the formality of a grand jury indictment, followed by a trial

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before a petit jury of twelve men, and a unanimous verdict is necessary to a conviction. (U. S. Constitution, Act III and Amendments V and VI.)

The Sixth Amendment also provides that any person accused of a crime, shall have other important rights among which is the right to "have the Assistance of Counsel for his defense".

Taking advantage of these provisions, promptly after the Jones Law was approved, I organized — with several other lawyers in New York — a committee or group of legal volunteers. Our purpose was to see that those who, under the Jones Law, faced loss of citizenship, in addition to heavy fines and imprisonment, should have that legal assistance which they might not otherwise be able to obtain, but which is expressly guaranteed by the Constitution. When a man who, in violating the law, has done no wrong, inflicted no injury on another, cannot pay a lawyer to defend himself, we supply one for him without charge, from our list of volunteers.

WE ARE not proceeding in opposition to the Constitution, but in direct conformity with it. Our appeal is only to the courts and juries established by the Constitution, but we propose to see that the legal and Constitutional rights of those committed to our care are adequately protected, and in so doing, strike a telling blow at the hypocrisy and corruption that masquerade under the name of Prohibition.

The grand juries before which these accused individuals come for indictment and the petit juries before which they must come for trial, are composed of ordinary citizens. Some of them buy intoxicants, others drink them whenever they have a chance, and still others, who neither buy nor drink liquor, have among their acquaintances many reputable men and women who do so without being conscious of moral guilt.

I HAVE great confidence in these juries. They are the bulwarks of liberty. It was due to the failure of the grand juries to indict and of petit juries to convict, that the laws against heresy and witchcraft became obsolete long before their eventual repeal. The inability of the Federal prosecutors to secure indictments and convictions under "The Enforcement Act of 1870" resulted in making the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments impotent to accomplish the results for which they were intended. When in England the theft of anything of the value of one shilling or over was punishable by death, it was the petit juries which secured the repeal of these cruel provisions by repeatedly finding that the property stolen was not worth that much, irrespective of how great its actual value might be. It is recorded that in one case when exactly one shilling in currency was stolen, the jury found the value to be eleven pence ha'penny — just under the limit, thus cheating the gallows of their victim.

A fundamental part of the judicial system, the jury is a law unto itself, and gives expression to the opinion of the average man on what is right and what is wrong. It cannot be disciplined for failure to follow the guidance of the prosecuting attorney, or the suggestions of the court. Few

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juries, I am confident, will deprive a man of his citizenship and place him in jeopardy of a large fine and a long term in prison, when, judged by the common standards of mankind, he has done nothing wrong or dangerous to another. They are fully aware that "there is a higher law than the Constitution"—the law of humanity and common sense. They realize that the only reason the defendant stands before them charged with crime is that on one or two occasions he failed to distinguish between an individual like themselves and a spy in the employ of the Government.

For, unlike action under most of the criminal laws, there are practically no prosecutions in Prohibition cases except on manufactured evidence. By this I do not mean that the evidence is untrue; but practically always it is the agents of the Government who cause the crime to be committed of which they subsequently accuse the defendant. Moreover, if asked their name and business, they never tell the truth. They do not say, "We are spies employed and financed by the Government to buy liquor from you in order to obtain evidence to convict you of a felony"; they pass themselves off as one of the millions of ordinary thirsty Americans who merely want a drink. I quote from the cross examination of a Government spy in a Prohibition case in the United States Court for the Southern District of New York.

Q. So you lied to her (the defendant), didn't you?
A. Yes, sir.
Q. Most of the stories you told were untrue, weren't they?
A. Yes, sir.
Q. Trying to make a criminal out of her, weren't you? Yes or no?
A. Yes, sir.

Lying and seduction to crime are the preliminaries to a prosecution under the Prohibition laws.

"But otherwise," says the prosecutor, "we could make no arrests." True enough, no doubt; but falsehood and inducing another to commit felony make an incongruous foundation for what was intended as a great moral reform; and what is more, the juries readily grasp that point.

The grand jury of Kings County, New York, drawn from "the City of Churches", petitioned for the repeal of the New York State Enforcement Act when it was in effect, on account of its corrupting influence. So far no similar action on behalf of the Federal grand juries has been drawn to my attention, but there are rumors that enforcement officials are not having a happy time with their cases before the juries in many parts of the country.

With the failure of the grand juries to indict, or a series of acquittals by the petit juries, the Eighteenth Amendment and its "Enforcement Acts" will join the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments and the "Enforcement Act of 1870" in our museum of legal history. They may be used intermittently for blackmail, but the wholesale hypocrisy and corruption that are the necessary by-products of a great effort to secure moral reform by criminal law will disappear, and America will eventually be free to follow the lead of other temperate nations in the treatment of problems created by the ever existing traffic in intoxicants.

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The Ladies of the Lobby

By Eudora Ramsay Richardson

Where, after nearly a decade of suffrage, have women voters arrived? A one-time suffrage leader says they are still only parasites and pink-tea politicians

The three Ruths recently elected to Congress, like most other women in politics, are still gleaners in the fields of Boaz. After nearly nine years of enfranchisement women are yet bound to the will of men and to the petty traditions of their sex. Except those who have kinsmen powerful in the promised land or those who have made themselves near and dear to the mighty ones, there are few women coming in for a share of the milk and honey. The woman prominent in American politics is sleeping at the feet of Boaz beneath the skirt which the near kinsman has spread over his handmaiden. Fortunately those advocates of equal suffrage who predicted that votes for women and the millennium would arrive simultaneously lack the discernment to be seriously disappointed by their prophecy's failure of fulfilment. The saner element among the old-line suffragists, while deprecating the rôle many women are playing in politics, are relying optimistically upon the corrective power of time and are saying with the inimitable Mrs. Poyser of *Adam Bede*, "Howiver, I'm not denyin' the women are foolish. God Almighty made 'em to match the men."

With a few exceptions, conspicuous because of their extreme rareness, women who have achieved elective or appointive offices are wearing the mantles of deceased men or have risen by means of petticoat politics. Ma Ferguson and Nellie Tayloe Ross would never have occupied governors' chairs without the fortuitous impeachment and death of their respective husbands. Mrs. Kahn of California and Mrs. Rogers of Massachusetts stepped into Congress over the bodies of husbands who died while representing their districts in Congress; and Mrs. Langley of Kentucky profited politically by her husband's absence from public life while Congressman Langley served in the Atlanta prison a sentence imposed for violation of the Volstead Act. Though widely separated temperamentally, geographically, and politically, two of the Ruths newly settled in Washington have made use of the spotlights turned once upon Mark Hanna and

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William Jennings Bryan. Indeed, Ruth McCormick, Congressman-at-large from Illinois, is the political reflection of two men — her husband, Senator Medill McCormick, and her more famous father, Mark Hanna.

IDA CLYDE CLARKE, writing two years ago, proved herself an incorrigible optimist by naming three women as possible candidates for the presidency of the United States in November, 1928. Though we may all be in doddering senescence before the parties even consider a woman as presidential material, Mrs. Clarke showed that her finger was on the pulse of the people by the possibilities she chose: Ruth McCormick, Alice Longworth, and Anne Morgan. These women exist in the minds of the American electorate because of their relationship to Mark Hanna, Theodore Roosevelt, and J. Pierpont Morgan. We have not achieved an attitude toward women as individuals that would prompt us to suggest for high office a woman who had pulled herself up by her own bootstraps as did Wilson, Coolidge, Hoover, or Alfred E. Smith.

The legislatures of the several States are peppered with women who are either succeeding their dead husbands or in whose veins flows the blood of kinsmen illustrious in the halls of the lawmakers. Notable among this year's crop of widows who are wearing not only weeds but the political spurs of their former husbands are Mrs. Claire Carter of Maine, recently selected to complete Assemblyman Carter's unexpired term and Mrs. Howard Harper, the first Negro woman to serve in a State legislature, appointed by the Governor of West Virginia to succeed her husband who died in political harness.

In their reluctant bestowal of those honors which the enfranchisement of women has necessitated, the political parties have been diligent in their search for women who bear the names of prominent men. The Democratic vice-chairman in the late lamented campaign was Mrs. Ross, wife of a Democratic governor in a Republican state. Mrs. Hert, vice-chairman of the Republican National Committee, also entered politics in her husband's footsteps. When Alvin T. Hert died in 1921 his wife took his place in business and in politics. He had long served his party both in his State and as national committeeman. Mrs. Hert's career since her husband's death is the sequence of twenty-eight years as Alvin T. Hert's wife. Obviously Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt was selected for chairman of the women's advisory committee of the Democratic Party because of her name. She is twice a Roosevelt. Not only did she marry a Roosevelt but in addition she is the niece of the indefatigable president. Powers of leadership were inconsequential in comparison with other assets Mrs. Roosevelt had to offer. A detailed survey of the names of other women active in politics would reveal that many, though not as eminently capable as the foregoing, have nevertheless come into their opportunities through relationship.

IN PARTY organizations women are still auxiliary and advisory to men. Their aid is accepted in carrying out man-made programmes; their advice is seldom heeded in important

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matters, though small honors be conferred upon them. Never have they been represented on a committee charged with drawing up a party platform. In selecting women for office, men have scrupulously avoided those with definite convictions of their own. Miss Alice Robertson, one time Congressman from Oklahoma, is an excellent example of masculine choice for a position of high responsibility. As a man propitiator, winning votes *via* the stomachs of the men who were fed at her cafeteria, Miss Alice had been an opponent of suffrage for her sex. Because she championed their cause, flattered them and served them excellent food, men sent her to Washington, confident that she would mirror their whims. The lady politician boasts of her ability to work with men.

How could there be discord when the powers have chosen subjects grateful for the honor conferred upon them and accordingly willing to take orders? Nellie Tayloe Ross expressed the attitude of the women on the national committees when she said that the effort of all women's committees is "coöperation to the utmost with the men" and added emphatically that the women would make no effort to assert themselves as women. She might have added with truthfulness that women had learned the futility of trying to assert themselves at all. Indeed women have permitted themselves to become the cat's paw of the men. Parties have found it expedient to instigate the utterances of women and then to repudiate those utterances when they have proved to be political boomerangs — and the sort of woman who has accepted honors from the parties is too stupid or too anxious to keep her job to enter a protest. During the recent political campaign a letter containing matter of a scurrilous nature was sent out by a local chairwoman. The presidential candidate of the party for which the henchwoman worked later branded the letter as unofficial. Therefore the underling tacitly accepted the responsibility. Later it transpired through good authority that the letter had come out of the party headquarters and that the chairwoman had sent copies forth without pondering the contents. Another woman who was made a political cat's paw in the recent campaign was Mabel Walker Willebrandt, whose speech was first approved by a member of the National Republican Committee and later declared by leaders of her party to be an ill-advised personal utterance. Until women are no longer in the position of receiving their honors entirely at the hands of men they can not hope to be more than apprentices in the political workshop.

For the status of the lady politician, however, men are not entirely to blame. Women who have sought public office have employed methods exasperatingly womanish and calculated to breed in men distrust of the woman who dabbles in public affairs. Perhaps in an effort to preserve their femininity women have used methods as anciently womanish as those of the Moabitish maiden who gleaned in the fields of Boaz. Clinging to the traditions of their sex, they have converted campaigns for their own election or for the promotion of their party's interests into subli-

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mated pink teas. Climbers and publicity hounds are using politics as a means of ascending the social ladder and of getting their names and their pictures in print. Women of this sort have proved exceedingly useful to the men; as long as such lady politicians are invited to sit on platforms at political meetings and as long as their pictures appear in the rotogravure sections of Sunday papers, they can be counted on not to give trouble. In one city a woman's political club, headed by a newcomer, utterly unknown, unable to preside at meetings, and without experience in leadership but with gigantic social aspirations, has functioned through two presidential campaigns to the complete satisfaction of the men. By means of a series of teas, publicity has been given to the activity of women voters and the men have been left to conduct their campaigns according to their own ancient methods. It is no easy task for women who think straight to put out of office a woman who does not represent their interests. Still standing in awe of the masculine verdict that women cannot work together, we prefer a *laissez-faire* attitude to political militancy. So pink tea politics is permitted to prevail. The average woman voter would rather be fashionable than right.

THE decorum of the society woman who is now entering politics to save her country from the vulgar among her sex is highly irritating to the old war horses of suffrage and amusing to the men who have learned that class distinctions are dangerous in politics. The women now stepping in at the instigation of men are prone to select their chairmen from the social register. Wholly unfamiliar with any class but their own, they do not know that Mary Smith can influence the labor vote — or that there is a labor vote for that matter — that Mrs. Jones can swing the fraternal organizations, that Mrs. Brown is powerful in the federated clubs, that the president of the elementary teachers' association is good for five hundred votes. They select, however, for important posts wives of bankers and prominent attorneys — women whose doings are featured in the society columns. And these society women, in search of something new to dabble in, find politics an interesting outlet for their energies.

IN A fashionable little town in South Carolina the woman who called the Democratic women to the aid of their party naïvely summed up the attitude of the society woman. It was her feeling, she said, that the movement for Al Smith must be led by women of the highest social and financial standing and that, while she wanted the vote of every woman in the country, it was necessary to look elsewhere than to the "old time suffragist and average club woman for leadership". The lady in the chair then proceeded to apologize for Mrs. Smith, declaring that it was not always possible — witness Abigail's washing, for instance — to have real ladies in the White House. "Mrs. Harding," she continued "was a most unrefined woman, and the second Mrs. Woodrow Wilson came up from trade, as you know." Then, to explain her sudden political activity, she acknowledged that although she had never wanted the

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vote, she now realized the ballot had brought with it responsibilities which aristocratic and sheltered women of her class must not shirk. One might add that the ballot also has brought to the dabbler something else to dabble in.

In the South, at least, the politicians are seeking to win the women by flattery — and the eternal feminine is still responding to the eternal masculine. The Governor of Virginia, who as a former legislator is on record as opposed not only to equal suffrage but to all higher education for women except that provided by the State normal schools, addressed a mass meeting of women voters in October, 1928, and said with fine oratorical fervor that he would be content to disfranchise the men in the coming election and leave the women to decide the fate of Democracy. The applauding audience possessed only a few skeptical women with memory and sense of humor.

But what are the old line suffragists doing while the society woman holds sway in politics? They have not been idle. The convening of Congress and the legislatures in the several States finds them still at their lobbying posts, buttonholing representatives in behalf of measures they are sponsoring. There are gaps in the ranks, of course, made by those who have deserted to accept minor political jobs to which salaries are attached. These mercenary souls are branded as traitors because they can no longer be called upon to fight for bills which their bosses have not endorsed. The others, however, having developed a technique for reforming, are plying their trade with unabated zeal. In Washington the Woman's Joint Congressional Committee, dominated by the League of Women Voters, contains the last vestige of the old suffrage lobby. It follows Federal legislation and claims to "function by conveying to members of Congress the sentiment of the women voters back home." Its methods are so similar to those of the Anti-Saloon League that one fears the older organization may have served as a pattern for the newer. One commentator has aptly said that the Woman's Joint Congressional Committee indexes everything about a man from business, banking, and political affiliations to his taste in food, drink, and women.

In the States the Women's Legislative Councils are the counterparts of the Congressional Committee in Washington. On this council — supposedly a clearing house — are representatives of all the women's organizations that have legislative programmes, but the League of Women Voters supplies the lobby from the ranks of the suffrage war horses. The ladies of the lobby ensemble possess, therefore, more experience than youth. In Virginia they have been opprobriously nicknamed "the starving Armenians" by the hard-hearted men whom they besiege biennially. Indeed the ladies have the lean and hungry look of yon Cassius, the earnestness of Frances Willard, the sixth sense that once was Joan of Arc's, the courage of Carrie Nation, and the patience of Susan B. Anthony. Rising above cosmetics, they possess noses and eyes that shine zealously as their flat-heeled shoes

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stamp through the corridors of the legislature.

Meetings of the Council are illustrative of the narrow horizon of organized women. The League of Women Voters seems to be the only group with interests at all general, and that body is eternally hampered by its eagerness to be reforming something. The Women's Christian Temperance Union simply bristles with righteous wrath if Prohibition is sidetracked for the admission of some other question. The patriotic organizations — the Daughters of the American Revolution, high-hatting the shorter pedigreed United Daughters of the Confederacy — see legislation in terms of commemoration and are happy only when historical markers and monuments are under discussion. The American Association of University Women, stiff with a sense of its intellectual aristocracy, finds it hard to concentrate upon any subject that does not bear directly upon education.

Such matters as reorganization of State machinery, the Governor's budget, taxation, and the like are too general to be of absorbing interest to the ladies. But sex hygiene is a subject that will always catch the wandering ear. It is delightfully mixed, of course, with morals and the sexual outrages of the younger generation — and if there is anything that the ladies do adore it is sex and morals! So when grave matters are confronting the state, the Legislative Council will spend an entire afternoon discussing a proposed $5000 appropriation for the teaching of sex hygiene in the schools. The so-called Paternity Bill is sure to arouse enthusiasm. Pass a law, say the ladies, that will compel wayward men to support their illegitimate children, and the old injustice will be corrected. So with one accord the ladies stew and lobby seemingly without the slightest realization of how impossible it is to prove the paternity of a fatherless baby, and that nature and not law is the chief offender.

Among the ladies of the lobby there exists, however, a rift that originated long since, when Alice Paul and Lucy Burns left the National American Woman Suffrage Association to organize the Congressional Union. The older group is continued now by the League of Women Voters, the younger by the National Woman's Party — and today hatred is as rife as it was when Mrs. Catt's cohorts fought for suffrage in the States and Miss Paul's militants picketed the White House. Today, the National Woman's Party lobbies only for equality between the sexes; the League of Women Voters works for any measure that savors of welfare or reform. The Party just wants its rights; the League wants its rights and special dispensations as well. The Party believes that women should be granted equality and then be made to fend for themselves; the League wants equality but it wants various privileges also. If a clause that declares men and women equal should invalidate eight-hour laws for women, laws prohibiting night work for women, laws requiring seats for women employees in stores and factories, and other protective legislation, then the ladies might be permanently out of lobbying jobs —

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and what would the poor things do to amuse themselves during sessions of the legislature? The National Woman's Party is composed of feminists who, albeit fiercely and without charm, are carrying their cause to its logical conclusion. The League of Women Voters is composed of feminists whose development has been arrested. Ten years ago both groups were asking for the vote on the ground that a democracy should provide equality for all and special privilege for none. Now whenever the Woman's Party is granted a legislative hearing, the League is arrayed against it, appealing to the men in the name of chivalry not to pass a blanket amendment or a blanket law that would deprive woman of the special privileges she enjoys. The spectacle of these two groups of over-zealous women is highly diverting to the interested onlooker with constitution strong enough to withstand the barrage of poison gas emitted by orators on both sides.

WHEN the Party is not in action, welfare — that word which has become the euphemism for much undesirable legislation — sums up the interests for which the women lobbyists are working. It is probably the sublimated or the perverted maternal instinct that makes woman naturally the proponent of all measures that seek to protect society. Some women are exercising this instinct within the home and making of their children spineless creatures who carry through life the mother fixation. Others are besieging legislatures to pass laws intended to take from the individual all power of choice but which breed chiefly a widespread contempt for all law. Laws protecting the woman in industry, blue laws, and censorship of all kinds are the especial pets of the ladies of the lobby. Bills that keep the Sabbath dull and holy, that prohibit every human desire from the craving for light wines and beer to betting at the race track and satisfying one's taste in movies, always receive the support of the women who hang around the legislative halls and who are unequivocally committed to reform of all sorts. Corralling the preachers as their accomplices, the same women may be found at any hearing that has to do with legislating morals into the people.

WITH a few notable exceptions that prove nothing, those women who have gleaned without the protection of such a kinsman as the ancient Boaz have been carried into office because of their advocacy of some reform programme. As sincere as William Jennings Bryan himself, these women have believed that when elected they can bring about the social millennium. Bertha Knight Landes, one time mayor of Seattle, expressed the inane optimism of the woman reformer when she said in writing about her city, "Every day in every way we are getting better and better". Her conviction was evidently not shared by her constituents, who recorded their opinions by denying her the second term she sought. Most women in politics have hypnotized themselves into believing that they are God-anointed for the high and holy task of regulating human conduct. So the woman seeking election at the hands of women

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has developed a definite technique in reforming. Since most general organizations of women prohibit the discussion of politics, candidates harrowing the ground in advance of campaigns appear before groups of club women, fraternal women, church women, and indeed wherever two or three women are gathered together, and win supporters by lecturing on some reform near at hand and near also to the maternal heart of women. Professional propagandists, both men and women politicians, play upon the ignorance of women and the innocence of certain church members. It is they and their blindfolded followers who are cluttering the statute books with worthless legislation which is making law in America a laughing stock.

In criticizing thus the tactics of our lady politicians I hope I shall not be accused of holding a brief for the gentlemen of the trade. The sins of women are certainly no more heinous and no more amusing than the sins of men. Women are stumbling into minor sinning through inexperience; men have developed a technique for sinning on a larger scale. As long as women sleep at his feet and follow his reapers, Boaz must be held responsible for the nature of the gleanings and for the behavior of the gleaners.

Withering Roses

By Isobel Hume

Since you are going now where Beauty went
Cup all your sweetness in a curving leaf
And breathe on memory with your fading scent
Of honeyed spring, that reawakens grief.

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Cuba Again Asks Justice

By Orestes Ferrara
Cuban Ambassador to the United States

Arguing that our sugar tariff burdens unfairly the Republic we created, wrecks our investments there and destroys a profitable market for our exports

From Havana to Key West is a distance of only ninety miles. As, with the passage of the years, Cuba's commercial intercourse with the United States has grown, and her attractions as both a summer and winter resort have drawn increasing numbers of American travellers to her shores, this short stretch of blue water has become populous with vessels ferrying people and goods back and forth from island to mainland. Indeed, this part of the once lonely Spanish Main has during Cuba's life as a Republic been converted into one of the world's busiest marine highroads. Today even the skies above waters once sailed by Columbus echo to the drone of airliners carrying cargoes of mail and passengers between Cuba and Miami, Palm Beach, and Key West.

But geographic propinquity is not the only tie uniting Cuba and the United States. Being a physical fact only, it perhaps lacks the strength of other bonds — historical, moral, and spiritual.

Yet, despite all these ties, events over which Cuba has no control, and against the consummation of which she strives with all her might, may drive her in the future to seek new trade alliances in Europe, in the Orient, or in the coming great civilizations of Latin America. Even if that comes to pass — and again I repeat that it can only come to pass against Cuba's strongest protest — Cuba will always cherish among her treasured memories the historic facts that in 1898 the United States stood shoulder to shoulder with her in her fight for freedom; that afterward the United States tutored her for her rôle as a sovereign nation; and that, in the years since Cuba has been self-governing and absolutely independent, American citizens have shown their trust in the integrity of her Government and in the industry of her people by investing in Cuba capital to the enormous total of fifteen hundred millions of dollars.

Cuba's economic condition during the past three years has been disastrous, due to the fact that sugar, the one great crop of the island, has been selling

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at less than cost. Furthermore, Americans doing business in Cuba, their firms selling there, and capital thus invested, have suffered equally with Cuban business men and their capital.

Of the billion and a half dollars invested by Americans in Cuba, more than a third is represented by sugar properties and much more than half by sugar and allied industries. Approximately seventy-five per cent of Cuba's sugar output is made in American-owned or American-controlled mills. Enormous losses have been suffered by these properties because of recent depression. Take the case of the largest company operating in Cuba, the Cuba Cane Sugar Corporation. At one time its preferred stock (nominal value $50,000,000) was at par value of one hundred and the common stock stood at $80 a share. On March 28, 1929, their Stock Exchange values were: preferred, $11.12; common, $3.75.

I HAVE before me a confidential document showing the balances of all the sugar companies in Cuba for the past three years. It reveals that the losses suffered during this period by the American-owned mills amount to the stupendous figure of fifty millions yearly. With such losses in the sugar industry, it is obvious that other American interests in Cuba, not directly engaged in sugar production, have also had hard sledding.

Of the six millions of tons of sugar which the United States consumes annually, approximately one half is supplied by Cuba, slightly more than one million tons are produced in the United States, and the rest comes from the so-called insular possessions, Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Philippines.

The continental United States is not adapted to the cultivation of cane, except in certain small sections. There is a cane industry in Louisiana, but there the production has been on the decrease, dropping from an average annual output of 292,478 tons during the years 1909–1913, to 47,166 tons in 1926–1927 and 77,000 tons in 1927–1928. In Florida, after many disastrous failures in the past, fresh attempts to develop the cane industry are being encouraged.

THE cultivation of sugar-beets, although giving better results than the growing of cane, has not made noteworthy progress. When the Fordney-McCumber tariff act was passed, it was expected to lay the foundation for the rapid expansion of the domestic industry. Far from doing that, it has merely demonstrated the futility of high protection for an industry which is in conflict with natural laws.

The Fordney-McCumber Act places a tariff of 2.20 cents a pound on sugar, and as Cuban sugar receives a reduction of twenty per cent, the true rate may be considered as 1.76 cents a pound. At the present time sugar placed aboard ship in Cuba sells for less than 1.80 cents a pound; hence the tariff is practically a 100 per cent *ad valorem* tax.

Despite this extremely high protection, sugar production within the United States has dropped from 1,200,859 tons in 1921–1922 (the year the Fordney-McCumber Act was passed) to an estimated 1,094,000 tons this year.

It seems a logical inference that

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if one hundred per cent *ad valorem* is not enough protection to develop a domestic production that could supply the entire demand of the United States, then two hundred per cent could not do it either. For, leaving out of consideration the competition the domestic industry will always have from the insular possessions of the United States, which under the stimulus of excessively high prices will be able to produce incalculably great quantities of sugar, there are other threats to the prosperity of the beet-sugar industry in the United States. Beet-sugar cultivation entails arduous field labor on the part of women and children and is in consequence vulnerable to attack by humanitarian legislation. Also the beet-plant is preyed upon by a soil parasite against which entomologic science has as yet not found a remedy.

EVEN should the imposition of a still higher tariff than the present one drive Cuban sugar from the American market, these natural handicaps would not be lifted. The only effect such a change would have would be to cause the mills and fields of Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines to increase their output, under the stimulus of fabulous profits. They, and particularly the Philippines, would supply the United States with the sugar which today comes from Cuba. Nor could this latter development be prevented by limiting the importations of Philippine sugar to 500,000 tons, as has been proposed by some, since the Philippines, making a profit of two hundred per cent on the 500,000 tons of duty-free sugar, could, under a new and higher tariff, create a gigantic industry strong enough to force its products over any tariff barrier no matter how high.

SUCH considerations as these cause Cuba to believe that her true competitors in the American market are not the continental producers, whom she regards with sympathy in this hour of shared economic distress, but those countries which are at present appended to the United States in one way or another, the widely scattered insular possessions, less identified economically with the United States than Cuba because, for one reason, of their less favorable geographic situation; countries of small consumptive capacity and of standards of living not superior, certainly, to those of Cuba.

From this competition, difficult to justify on a rational basis, arise many strange phenomena. Cuban sugars imported into the United States in 1927 paid $128,484,000 in duties. If the importations from the other islands, Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines, had paid the same rates, the additional amounts accruing to the United States Treasury that year for the 1,689,000 tons brought from these countries would have been $59,452,800. In other words, Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines, because of their political relationship to the United States, receive from the people of this country a subsidy on this score alone amounting to almost sixty millions of dollars annually.

Another abnormality resulting from this competition is the unnecessary long ocean haul it entails, which serves no useful purpose and adds to

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the cost of the producer. While Cuba, under compulsion, decreases her shipments of sugar to the neighboring market of the United States and increases her sales to Asia, the Philippines, whose natural market is Asia, ship sugar to the Atlantic ports of the United States.

Still another effect of this unnatural competition is the loss it has caused American industry and agriculture. Whenever in the past Cuba has been prosperous, she has been a good customer for American goods. In 1920, a year of unusual prosperity, Cuba's purchases in the United States amounted to $404,386,000. Since that year they have decreased, with the waning of Cuba's after-war prosperity, but they still amount to about $128,000,000 annually. In this respect, the records of Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Philippines are not to be compared with that of Cuba. Their combined average annual importations from the United States during the past ten years have been less than those of Cuba alone.

CUBA is told to diversify her production. Very good. But what, under the circumstances, would be the result of such an effort? To diversify production now, and as a remedy for the ills from which we suffer, means the destruction of a large part of the highly efficient Cuban sugar industry; it means the making of all kinds of experiments, with unavoidable losses; it means that in a country of but four million inhabitants we must establish weak high-cost industries, capable at best of rendering only modest returns, and vulnerable to the first wind of adversity; it means, in a word, the reduction of trade between Cuba and the United States to negligible proportions.

To attempt to diversify production, artificially and rapidly, in the midst of a crisis, would be suicidal.

ONE of the proposals of those persons in Cuba who, for their own reasons, would like to see the Cuban sugar industry destroyed, is the levying of an export tax on sugar coming to the United States, in order thereby to create a fund of several hundreds of millions with which to carry through diversification. For such a thing to happen would be a misfortune to both Cuba and the United States. With a precedent like that before it, what incentive would be left for the investment of this country's mounting surplus of capital in any of the "new" countries of the world?

When in Cuba we speak of the present tariff of the United States and of the proposal to increase it still more, we remember, for reasons which circumstances make pertinent, Elihu Root's phrase:

> Cuba can not be treated as an aggressive commercial rival, but with a generosity which toward her will be justice.

At the time of the constitution of the Cuban Republic, two treaties were prepared, one political, called the "Permanent Treaty"; the other commercial, called the "Reciprocity Treaty." In the minds of Cuban and American statesmen, both treaties had strict correlation. Here is what Secretary Root said at the time:

> Cuba has acquiesced in our right to say that she shall not put herself in the hands of any other power, whatever her necessity, and in our right to insist upon the maintenance

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of free and orderly government throughout her limits, however impoverished and desperate may be her people. Correlative to these rights is a duty of the highest obligation to treat her not as an enemy, not at arm's length as an aggressive commercial rival, but with a generosity which towards her will be but justice; to shape our laws so that they shall contribute to her welfare as well as our own. Aside from the moral obligations to which we committed ourselves when we drove Spain out of Cuba, and aside from the ordinary consideration of commercial advantages involved in a reciprocity treaty, there are the weightiest reasons of American public policy pointing in the same direction: for the peace of Cuba is necessary to the peace of the United States; the independence of Cuba is necessary to the safety of the United States. The same considerations which led to the war with Spain now require that a commercial arrangement be made under which Cuba can live . . .

Before this, President McKinley said:

It is important that our relations with these people shall be of the most friendly character and our commercial relations close and reciprocal.

And President Roosevelt, in his Message to Congress, November 10, 1903, stated:

We expect Cuba to treat us on an exceptional footing politically, and we should put her in the same exceptional position economically.

UNTIL 1911, the two treaties were in perfect harmony. Since then the "Permanent Treaty" has given no cause for discussion, but the "Reciprocity Treaty" has not done all the high contracting parties expected it to do. This has been due to circumstances and not to action by either of the interested countries. The twenty per cent differential granted Cuba by the United States, in exchange for a reciprocal differential amounting to twenty, thirty, and forty per cent, in different schedules, granted the United States by Cuba, has not favored Cuba. This fact is not open to discussion, nor is it necessary here to examine into its causes.

Cuban products, and especially sugar, have paid heavy imposts on entering the United States. For natural reasons, and despite the good will of both contracting parties, a badly balanced arrangement has come into being.

DUTIES paid on merchandise entering the United States amount to slightly less than $600,000,000 annually. Of this sum, goods sold by Cuba's four millions of inhabitants pay about one fourth, or $150,000,000. The United Kingdom pays (the figures are for 1927) approximately $66,115,000; France, $51,170,000; Germany, $51,810,000; Canada, $26,394,000; and Japan, $16,122,000.

All Latin America pays less than Cuba alone. The average duty on all Cuban exports to the United States is 55 per cent *ad valorem;* that on all imports into the United States is only 16 per cent *ad valorem.*

Cuba is struggling under a load that is too great for her to bear. She has but one hope: it is that once again the Government of the United States, whose kindly disposition toward her has been tested and proved so often in the past, will continue the just and farsighted policy of McKinley, Roosevelt, and Root, so that Cuba may be in fact what her clientele and her geographic situation ninety miles from the American coast intended her to be in nature, the main source of sugar supply for the people of the United States.

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Mr. Hoover Lays a Ghost

By Ray T. Tucker

How the shade of "The White House Spokesman" has fallen before a Chief Executive who has established more straightforward contacts with press and public than have existed in twenty years

Great are the uses of the press to a President who understands how to manipulate this engine of democracy or destruction, and never were they greater than in this age of impersonal journalism, combinations of influential organs of publicity and expansion of the wire associations. By his contacts with the gentlemen of the press, the President may, if he chooses, organize public opinion for or against anybody or anything. It is, perhaps, fortunate that none since Thomas Jefferson has displayed much aptitude or desire for making the most of his power in this respect.

Nevertheless, the White House press relations have until now been conducted under a one-sided arrangement, in which all the rules have been made by and for the President rather than for the public and its newspapers. Moreover, the lack of system in these rules has been illogical and inimical to public interest. Mere superficial consideration of the problem reveals what an awesome arrangement it was — until reorganized by Herbert Hoover.

Formerly, a President of the United States needed only to lift his voice to summon to the Executive Office a hundred or two hundred trained journalists, who, under the ancient rules of the game, were summarily transformed into his unpaid personal press agents. The President is, of course, the "best copy" in this centre of politics and government; newspaper columns yearn to publish what the White House says, suggests, proposes, does or does not choose to do.

Despite an apparent decline of public interest in politics in this jazz era, the President ever remains a dim and unquestioned ideal to millions, especially to youth and to womanhood; even to the cynical and worldly-wise he is the individual of greatest influence and importance in the land. The Prince of Wales may set the smart styles for the well-dressed males of the British Empire; but the President of the United States may shape and dominate public opinion in a New World which accepts with all seriousness its

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mission of redressing the balance and the budgets of the Old.

I have spoken of "rules," but in actuality there was, until President Hoover took charge, only one rule in this great game of picturing a President and postulating his thoughts for the American people. He was never to be quoted unless, on rare occasions, he gave specific permission.

ALTHOUGH an intelligent public, including the chancelleries of Europe, came to know that we saw him twice weekly — at noon Tuesday and 4 o'clock Friday afternoon — we were required to conceal the source of our White House pronouncements with whatever fancy or ingenuity our adult or adolescent minds dictated. Behind such conventional phrases as "It is believed," or "The President is understood to feel," or "It was made known in White House circles," or "It is reported in quarters close to the President," or "The President has told callers" — we being the "callers" — we shanghaied and hid the President and veiled his words of wisdom.

Ingenuity reached a burlesque climax when somebody — nobody knows who — invented the phrase of "The White House spokesman." But that *nom de president* soon became the butt of vaudeville, editorial and senatorial jibes, and President Coolidge thereupon committed journalistic suicide. So deep-rooted was the theory of mystery and silence surrounding our presidential informant, however, that we were not permitted to describe the obsequies to our readers, since that would have given posthumous notice that he once had lived and lectured us. The only mourners at the funeral were a slightly sour and cynical press gang.

Before the days of the White House spokesman, a slight change in the old hit-or-miss system had been effected by President Harding, as a result of a blunder of domestic and international moment. Although he "had been a newspaperman himself once," Mr. Harding did not apply himself to reorganizing the game until he got hurt. His error led to the stipulation that all questions, which had previously been asked verbally, should be submitted in writing. The purpose, obviously, was to afford a busy Chief Executive an opportunity to scrub up on his facts. But the correspondents, who are not wholly blameless for the haphazardness of the old method, put off submission of queries until a few minutes before the conference hour, and this machinery for evoking worth-while information did not work. Stage-struck and inarticulate correspondents liked the idea and clung to it because they discovered that they could submit questions on which no answer would be forthcoming, and then write columns on the negative view at the White House. But Mr. Coolidge outwitted opposition prophets of nothingness with an order that no mention must be made of unanswered questions.

IN RETROSPECT, it seems almost unbelievable that any President should have assented to the conditions which so long existed. Even the physical arrangements for the press conference were designed to make for inaccurate reporting. Standing in a small, stuffy, crowded chamber that was poorly lighted, it was the task —

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or habit — of correspondents to jot down skimpy notes on crumply stationery, the backs of envelopes or borrowed bits of copy paper. No stenographic record was available for "spot news men" whose duties required that they flash a market-shaking bulletin rather than a well-digested analysis. Indeed, there was always an atmosphere of reticence toward those philosophic and leisurely spirits whose doubt as to the President's meaning led them to ask for a peek at the transcript. Until Coolidge's régime there was no transcript. Despite numerous and repeated requests from leading correspondents, who sought protection for the President and themselves, Harding would not keep an official stenographic record of his interviews. Coolidge, on noting one day that David Lawrence had sent an amanuensis to take shorthand notes of the presidential remarks, sternly forbade the practice. For Mr. Coolidge it can be said that he showed consideration by talking slowly; he measured his monotone by watching the hand of J. Russell Young, representative of the *Washington Star*, as it sped across the latter's well-kept notebook.

THERE was, of course, one inevitable result from this chaotic system. Each Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday morning, or each Friday afternoon and Saturday morning, contradictory articles would appear anent the President's views on questions of state, or his thoughts on pink lemonade, fishing with a worm and bell trousers for college boys. The Democratic New York *World* and the Republican New York *Herald Tribune*, without perhaps any reason beyond their conflicting political philosophies, frequently gave the Page 1-Column 1 lie to each other regarding a presidential pronouncement of the day before. There might be no delicate question of party politics involved, and yet there would be a clash in the reporting of the President's statements, even though the correspondents for these newspapers — Charles Michelson and Mark Sullivan, respectively — are men of experience and intelligence.

IT MAY be argued that the correspondents should not have departed the conference chamber until they had got the President's meaning plain. But it is difficult to cross-examine a Chief Executive as if he were a prisoner at the bar. Moreover, it was but human nature for Presidents to resent such attempts as were infrequently made — and they did. Wilson destroyed the inquisitive individual with a devastating piece of rhetoric, Harding side-stepped with a humorous anecdote and Coolidge ignored him with an ironic disregard that was impenetrable. The correspondents themselves discouraged the practice of attenuated cross-examination by the heartiness with which they laughed down the sheepish questioner, until it required a heart and tongue of brass to ask a President to explain his explanation. Fully as important as some of the radical changes which I shall mention later, is Mr. Hoover's apparent willingness to permit questioning of this sort. The atmosphere does not become chilly when a correspondent becomes interrogative; the President accepts a query as evidence of natu-

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ral interest and curiosity. In any event, questioning has become quite popular since March 4, 1929, and it is one of several reasons why there is now more accurate reporting around the White House.

In view of the trying circumstances of the pre-Hoover era, it is not surprising that veteran correspondents, including Richard V. Oulahan of *The New York Times*, dean of the corps, have frequently suggested a courteous boycott of the idea of presidential conferences. Nor has this thought proceeded from petty resentment at the one-sidedness and frequent unfairness of the arrangement between press and President so much as from a conviction that the conferences had become valueless. Nobody realizes more vividly than Washington correspondents the need for permitting a President or Cabinet officer — or even a Congressman returning home from Panama — to modify or repudiate a statement that does not look well in print. It is quite conceivable that a rash or unfounded statement attributed even indirectly to the President of the United States might provoke an international storm — or party disaster.

THERE come to mind two striking examples of presidential "breaks" in which the consequences might have been more serious than they were. The first, referred to previously, concerns Warren G. Harding, who, though he had his faults, showed himself a generous spirit when he assumed the blame for his classic blunder during the 1922 arms conference. When he discovered that he had been mistaken in telling the press that the Four-Power Pacific Pact did *not* include the mainland of Japan in its scope, he admitted openly that it had been his weakness and not ours; he did not, as was his prerogative, attribute it to misunderstanding on the part of his hearers. The startled Nippon statesmen were soon mollified, but Harding's mistake furnished ammunition to senatorial critics in their contention that the treaty was a dangerous document "because not even the President of the United States could understand it."

MR. COOLIDGE, on the other hand, took refuge behind the presidential right of repudiation when, in December of 1924, he rebuked Ambassador Jusserand of France for the latter's appeal to a Washington current events class for leniency toward France in the little matter of $4,000,000,000 of war debts. The President's words and manner reflected his deep resentment, and the correspondent who failed, in the Tuesday afternoon edition, to interpret the presidential statement as a "rebuke" was asleep. Most of them were awake, however, and the afternoon headlines all but broke the heart of the beloved friend of America, Jules Jusserand, especially as he was then on the eve of retirement from his long service in Washington and from the deanship of the diplomatic corps. Jusserand presented a pathetic plea to Secretary of State Hughes and the latter scurried across Executive Avenue to the White House. We do not know what he told Mr. Coolidge, but late that afternoon there came from the White House an official statement denying that the President had referred to the Ambassador at the

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press conference. Such was the consternation among several eminent correspondents that they violated conference rules to relate the circumstances leading to the repudiation of the afternoon stories. It may have been only coincidence, but French bitterness toward the United States flared up most acutely soon after this episode and Jusserand's return to Paris.

THUS this incident illustrates one of the chief evils of the old system. It is also significant for its indication of a growing spirit of restlessness and dissatisfaction among the correspondents, and, no matter how impersonal a medium they may strive to be, their feelings cannot be disregarded in any comprehensive consideration of the general problem. With most presidents there have been neither journalistic hospitality nor headlines for us at the White House. We have been looked upon as enemies and nuisances, with few exceptions. The White House battle cry in this duel has been, more often than not, "Give them nothing — or as little as possible." No recent President has conceived of these contacts as one means of interpretation of himself and his policies to the people who had placed him in office. Those who did not trade with public opinion through us, toyed with it, and we, on our part, were but traders or peddlers of presidential balloons.

This, then, is the none too bright background against which we must project and examine the changes effected by President Hoover. He took office, of course, with far more experience in dealing with newspapermen than his recent predecessors. In fact, since 1914 the press of the world had been an active associate in his international and domestic labors. As head of the Belgian relief in the fall of 1914, he had severed the Gordian knot of diplomacy by recourse to the headlines, and it may be that this first success helped to place him where he sits now. Through a newspaper appeal to the people of America he had forced the statesmen of Great Britain, France and Germany to abandon their opposition to creation of the Hoover Food State, and to give him his first brilliant rôle on the world stage. Subsequently, as food dictator and Secretary of Commerce, he had displayed an envious ability for centering public attention on his projects by means of the newspapers. A "good" press helped him to win the presidential nomination.

IT IS, to my mind, a mistake to characterize Mr. Hoover as a "master of propaganda" in so far as that implies that he was a conscious seeker of publicity for himself. He early recognized that he could obtain public aid and sympathy once he could place his proposals before a world audience, and since his projects have usually touched peoples or governments, the press was naturally his court of appeal. It was for his activities rather than himself that he sought publicity. Moreover, he has an instinctive imagination that guides him straight to the heart of the problem of capturing and captivating public opinion. Once, when he was concerned over the kind of publicity a certain project was receiving, he sent for a newspaper friend. The President — he was then Secretary of Commerce — explained

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that he wanted to shift the scenery and change the atmosphere in which the first newspaper articles had placed his proposal. But he did not suggest — as most public men would have — that his friend write the kind of story desired and distribute copies among his friends for their use. That would have been the method of a limited mentality. Mr. Hoover wanted to know what he could do to reorient the publicity and redramatize his project so that it would be publicized in an entirely new light. Though Mr. Hoover was ignorant of the technique of the operation, the vision was his.

But we had seen this publicist lapse into an unwonted silence during the campaign and afterward. Between his election and inauguration there had been only three conferences with the press. There had been disquieting rumors of a close vigil on stories sent from the battleships that bore him on the good will tour of South America. We also sensed that Mr. Hoover preferred the publicity of actuality rather than augury, and we dreaded lest he should not sympathize with our weakness for a premature plunge into print. We feared that our reportorial round, none too amusing or adventurous in these days of Federal information bureaus, would be restricted to waiting on the White House threshold for cut and dried handouts setting forth the deeds and declarations of the man inside. In short, the correspondents looked forward to their first contacts with the President with some misgiving.

Mr. Hoover approached the problem in characteristic manner. Upon his suggestion, there were conferences between a press committee and himself, at which the numerous and difficult phases of our relations were discussed. It was his first idea that the number of newspapermen attending the conference should be restricted to one for each newspaper and press association, presumably because he felt that closer contact could be established thereby. Practical difficulties prevented agreement on this idea, although it would have been highly desirable and a return to the system under which President Taft and the correspondents sat around the Cabinet table for a confidential exchange of views and viewpoints. It was then agreed that a definite set of regulations should be framed regarding qualifications of presidential conferees and conditions of publication of presidential remarks. Although these decisions were the outcome of negotiation, it is generally conceded that these as well as other changes had been determined in advance by Mr. Hoover.

The President is a genius at winning coöperation from various groups, but in the end it is usually his ideas that are accepted as a basis for mutual action. In every respect, however, the conclusions reached at these preliminary meetings and announced at the first formal conference were satisfactory to the vast majority of the press corps. If the new arrangement works well, as it has so far, the credit belongs to the President.

In any event, the thought which the President gave to the problem showed he recognized the existence of evils and felt that more should be made of his contacts with the press.

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The arrangement he set up has given dignity and responsibility to the system. It was obvious that, during the eight years he sat in his Cabinet office a few blocks from the White House, he had been observing, studying and analyzing the workings of the minds of the correspondents. He told us what some of the basic troubles had been, and the remedy for them.

Perhaps the most encouraging aspect of his approach was this evidence that he recognized the need for reorganization. It was a far cry from the manner in which Mr. Coolidge took hold of the newspaper nettle. On the morning that he was to hold his first conference, Mr. Coolidge quizzed two of the regular White House correspondents on the operation of the system, showed some concern over the hazards to which the President might conceivably be subjected and then, resignedly, shouldered the same burden which Harding, Wilson and Taft had laid down. From 1909, when formal conferences were inaugurated by Taft, to be continued intermittently and unsuccessfully by the others, there had been no constructive change or improvement.

MR. HOOVER'S most radical alteration has been the partial abolition of the old, discredited system of amorphous and anonymous reporting of presidential utterances. We are now permitted, on frequent occasions, to enclose his statements in quotation marks and attribute them directly to him. The President of the United States is no longer afraid to stand up in meeting and tell the American people what he thinks and why. The advantages — to the President, the press and the public — are many and obvious. When he permitted us to announce that he intended to drive Southern office-changers from the Republican temple, he escaped misinterpretation that might have raised a barrier to the holy crusade below the Mason and Dixon line. Had we, as in the old days, written an "It is understood" pronunciamento, southern politicians would have attributed it to our restless imaginations or the dearth of real news in Washington, and moved to checkmate any real reformation. But the unqualified announcement by the President served to place them on probation before their own henchmen and people, and drenched any incipient backfire.

LIKEWISE, when he declared in bold and unequivocal language his intention of closing down on wasteful oil drilling, he served notice to the West that an era of conservation had supplanted the age of scandals. Had we carried that information in the old-fashioned manner, with halting and conflicting reports of the White House attitude, the attempt to carry out the new programme would have faced greater obstacles than it does now. Presidential utterances of this character possess the seal of authority and go straight to their mark. No more do we leave the conference chamber when the President speaks in this tone and find ourselves sitting ill at ease at the typewriter as we grab for the President's lost chord. We carry his meaning plain across our wires on these occasions — and if ever it should be personal and political propaganda, it will bear that label.

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There are conference days, however, when the ghost of "The White House Spokesman" seems to flit across our journalistic vision. In addition to quotable statements attributed directly to him, two other categories of announcements are available for the President. The second includes information which we may credit to the White House, again as our fancy or ingenuity dictate. We may, if we feel imaginatively inclined, give credit to the White House shrubbery or policemen. The third classification, which resembles the second and also the ancient method in so far as the mechanics of reporting is concerned, comprises material setting forth the Administration's plans, attitude, reaction or activity. This kind of information, however, must be used as our own conclusion or deduction or discovery, even though we proclaim ideas and policies which we could have obtained only from the President himself.

More discerning members of the corps are frank in their admiration of Mr. Hoover's astuteness in reclassifying presidential statements. Whereas other Presidents had only one arrow in their quiver, it appears that Mr. Hoover has three. He may, if he pleases, speak out frankly and boldly, but he may, if necessary or expedient, lapse into the rôle of "official spokesman." So there are some who contend that Mr. Hoover has won a reputation for frankness without discontinuing the old game of find-the-President. It is true that information falling into the second and third categories resembles the Delphic outgivings of other days.

Yet there is a difference — a vast difference. It may be measured by the contrast between the mental alertness and grasp of governmental affairs possessed by Mr. Hoover and the vague and uncertain discussion of public questions that characterized pre-Hoover conferences.

Both the style and substance of presidential utterances of an earlier day were so ambiguous, whether deliberately or unconsciously, that it was impossible to present a faithful report to the reading public. We have often shifted from one foot to another for thirty minutes during presidential conferences of the long ago, only to quit the White House with no clear conception of the presidential attitude. Our colleagues have frequently suffered the same sensation, proving it was no unique or imaginary ailment. But there is never any doubt of Mr. Hoover's ideas, attitude or meaning. His mind functions in machinelike manner. He speaks crisply and clearly. He responds to questions designed to clarify or elaborate his statements. More important still, perhaps, he deals in realities. He presents factual reports of what he has done or proposes to do. There is nothing of the academic rhetoric of Wilson, the pleasant banter of Harding or the uninformative discursiveness of Coolidge.

It is, to our mind, difficult to propagandize with facts. The public will eventually suspect; it can, if it cares, examine even the facts presented, and test them. A President cannot, except at his peril, alter or rearrange facts for long. Mr. Hoover, as an engineer, works with facts — he always

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has. To him the only real news, as I noted above, is of facts; it concerns actuality rather than augury. Thus the margin for mistakes or misinterpretation has been reduced to our own various and conflicting attitudes toward realities. The importance of this transformation cannot be overemphasized. It was not, in the old days, the style of presentation so much as the substance presented at which we cavilled. We never saw anything "sinister" in the submission of facts to us by the President.

MOREOVER, Mr. Hoover takes pains to have correct information at hand. He insists that questions be submitted twenty-four hours in advance of the conference hour, if possible. He has repeatedly reminded us that this forethought will benefit us as well as himself. We have noted that frequently he will retain a query for a week and give us a thoughtful and considered answer. It is our impression that he looks upon our queries as challenges and likes to meet them, if he can.

More significant than all these changes is the philosophy that underlies them. President Hoover does not conceive it to be his duty to hide his Administration's light under a bushel. He does not appear to regard us as hostile or pestiferous, as did Wilson and even our fellow-craftsman, President Harding. He does not use us to send up "trial balloons," as did Roosevelt, for he detests anything resembling premature publication.

MR. HOOVER'S attitude toward the press seems quite straightforward. It is, to him, a mouthpiece for use when he is ready to say or do anything of interest to the public. There will, our observation leads us to believe, be no blunders, no ambiguities, no straws tossed in the wind of public opinion, no striving for self-aggrandizement, in his relations with the 352 correspondents now stationed here as representatives of the press of the world. There will be take-them-or-leave-them statements of things done or planned, all of which may or may not redound to his credit, but that will be for the public to decide. We can ask no more than that, nor can the American people. We feel assured that President and press, at least more frequently than in the past, will know what they are talking and writing about.

This is not to say the millennium has arrived, but we prefer to conduct our eternal crusade for news under a White House banner bearing the Inscription: "Give them facts" instead of the torn and tattered ensign: "Give them nothing."

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The Hand That Rules the Cradle Rocks the World

By C. H. Bretherton

An English political expert sees woman's rôle as negligible in the British General Elections, but her future mastery of government as inevitable

Our rude but not unintelligent forefathers were fond of reminding their women folk that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. It helped to keep the cradles full (and in those days people thought more of a full cradle than a full dinner pail) and it helped to keep the minds of the rockers off the things like politics and business that our rude forefathers thought ought to be left to them.

The remark was not only useful but true. In an indirect sort of way the cradle rockers *do* boss the earth though of course vicariously. Women do most things pretty well but it is only when they bend their energies to pushing their offspring into a nice place in the sun that we realize what they are really capable of. Even then we do not generally realize it. Son has become the distinguished personage, the industrial magnate, the political dictator, the ward boss or what you will. Mother, by this time a dear old lady in white hair, has retired into obscurity and a country cottage. But whose ruthless and formidable sagacity, whose ferocious tenacity of purpose boosted son up the more difficult rungs of the ladder of success? There is no concealment about it as far as son is concerned. You hardly ever encounter a great man who does not attribute his success to his mother. You get a close-up of her in the biographies, while the male parent moves, a shadowy and unimportant complex, in the background.

What our rude forefathers failed to grasp was that the hand that had been trained to rock cradles full of potential Napoleons and Pierpont Morgans long ago became quite capable, should the need arise, of ruling the world without the interposition of any cradle at all. They also failed to observe — or if they observed it they thought nothing could be done about it — that the hand that rocked the cradle was rocking a great many more potential cradle rockers into the world than

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the world, speaking matrimonially, could go on absorbing.

Man, being a highly complex organism, is to that extent less capable of modification to suit environment. When the hive bees found themselves producing females greatly in excess of requirements they, with the assistance of Nature, evolved the sexless worker. Physically the human race is still a long way from evolving what one may call the permanent spinster. Spiritually the unsexed female worker — the woman who no longer regards wifehood and motherhood as the prime purpose of her existence — is becoming reasonably common. Industrially the female worker, the woman who, whether she likes it or not, is destined to play a man's part in the world, to support herself and be the mistress of her own material destinies, has become so numerous that her significance is largely lost upon us.

EXCEPT once in a while. Man, taken as a whole, is a much stupider creature than one would expect, seeing what he has gone through to become a man. One would suppose that the Georgians or the Pilgrim Fathers or some other of our ancestors would have worked the thing all out. "Women," we should have expected them to say, "have their uses but are far too formidable to be permitted to exist in greater numbers than is necessary for the maintenance of the race. What the female sex needs is ruthless rationalization."

The Chinese, one of the few really civilized races, did argue the thing out in some such fashion and instituted the useful if somewhat crude custom of feeding superfluous female infants to the crocodiles. Then the missionaries came and, ignoring the protests alike of the Chinese and the crocodiles, brought up the potential Anna May Wongs in orphanages. And they still wonder why the Chinese regard Christianity with suspicion!

IF our rude forefathers had adopted some similar custom or, if you please, had evolved some more humane and less wasteful method of achieving the same result, we in Britain should not today be bothering our heads about the vote of five million odd, newly enfranchised and mostly immature females in the General Election. We should not be wondering whether they know enough to vote or why it should be necessary for them to vote at all.

I am not an anti-feminist — my own sex will go on ruling the world during my time, which is all I am interested in — but I am convinced that once the male permitted the admittedly deadlier and better able to survive female to multiply in excess of requirements, he sounded the death-knell of male supremacy. She would in any case have worn him down in the end; but as it is, she is getting and will continue to get the help of civilization in every phase of the struggle.

If we look carefully at the world to-day we see that most of the things that men alone can do — that countless centuries of training have given them a taste for doing — are either coming to be done by machinery or are not being done at all. First of these one must reckon war. It is

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possible that in the future there will be no war. What is more certain is that the future war will not be waged by men but by populations. Future wars will be won, not by the handful of men who hurl bombs and gas at the enemy population — a thing that women are quite capable of doing — but by the thousands of women brewing the gas and turning out the bombs in the belligerents' factories. The sea is still a man's trade, but the sailor does not have to be the tough citizen he once was. There is probably no work on a modern oil burning liner that women could not, with a bit of training, do quite as well as men.

THE world of the future seems destined, unless something very unexpected happens, to work out something like this: its population will be kept stationary at a point roughly fixed by the available supply of food. Parenthood will be restricted among women and may very well be restricted even more drastically among men. As to the non-parent population — the neuter workers of the industrial human hive — it will tend to become more and more female for a number of reasons: because, under the conditions imposed on the human race by modern civilization, more and more girls tend to be born in proportion to boys; because the need of the world to make production keep pace with consumption will favor women who produce more than men in comparison to what they consume; and finally because our civilization, which seems to be levelling women up to man's estate, is in fact levelling man down to woman's. We make a great fuss when a woman here and there takes the risks that men take and endures the hardships that men are accustomed to endure. We fail to observe that with every decade tens of thousands more men cease to take risks or to devote themselves to lives of hardship. Instead, they now take up the soft duties that women are accustomed to; but they do not at the same time undertake the risks or endure the strains and stresses — not all of them physical — that have made woman the formidable creature she is.

All this may seem a trifle remote from the present General Election of British Members of Parliament. It is remote but it is not irrelevant or unconnected. Something over five million young women are about to exercise the suffrage for the first time. No doubt those of them who vote will vote much as their fathers and brothers and husbands do and the net result will be no different from what it would have been if they did not vote at all.

I DO not think that all the sixty women candidates will secure seats on this occasion, but it is reasonably likely that they will come back twenty-five strong. Twenty-five is a heap of women if they are all pulling the same way. They will not often pull the same way, but they will do it oftener than they did in the last Parliament. There are certain subjects like child welfare and education and street offenses that they are inclined to band together and take a high hand over — to tell the male politicians that these are subjects they can quite well keep their male noses out of. The scope of these sub-

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jects will widen and the attitude of the women Members will stiffen in subsequent Parliaments as their numbers increase and as they get the habit of pulling together.

And one day they may decide that as they represent the majority of the voters they have a right to govern the country. The day when that happens is somewhat remote but it would be a deal more remote if the man-conducted politics of the country were not getting more chaotic.

THE British political system was developed as a two-party system and the principle of ministerial responsibility, quite apart from anything else, renders it inadaptable to the system of blocs and cartels that are still popular on the Continent.

But already the two historical parties have been joined by a third — the Labor or Socialist Party; while a fourth, the Communist Party, though it now boasts but a sole oriflamme in the shape of the antic Parsee, Saklatvala, may easily turn up at some Parliament in the near future ten or a dozen strong.

In one respect this impending General Election is a critical one. It was freely prophesied, when the Liberals put the Labor Party in power in 1924, that they were signing the warrant for their own extinction. The electorate, it was said, would not stand for more than two parties and would accordingly wipe out the Liberals and accept the Labor or Socialist Party (it is sometimes called one and sometimes the other) as the official "push on" party. And it looked as if the prophecy might be fulfilled, because in the 1924 election the Liberals were reduced to a mere shadow of their former selves. They have since made terrific efforts to recover some ground and have been helped by the personality of Lloyd George who does not hit it off with many orthodox Liberals but who, on the other hand, is still popular with a great many people who think Liberals and Conservatives should make common cause against the Socialists under the former leader of the Coalition Government. Lord Rothermere is the urgent vociferator of this idea and his newspapers have been demanding in no uncertain tones that Mr. Baldwin shall invite Mr. Lloyd George to Downing Street to discuss it. The Liberals have categorically repudiated any idea of joint action with the Conservatives (as might be expected, since the Labor Party is nearly as rabidly Free Trade as the Liberals themselves) so it is not very clear what Lord Rothermere thinks would be gained if Mr. Baldwin took his advice.

AND many of them will not vote at all. Politics is still largely a man's business, conducted with an immense expenditure of talk and deliberation and — to do our composite legislators justice — a sincere if not always intelligent effort on the part of the individual legislator to do the best for his constituents. Women take no particular interest in such an assembly. Moreover, British politics is still based on the fundamental division of the human race into Radicals and Conservatives — the pushers-on and the holders-back. It is true that the Labor Party is a class party — a different affair altogether — but the Labor Party has

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been compelled to identify itself with the Socialists — the extreme pushers-on — with the result that the trade unions, which still insist on mixing into politics, have lost about a quarter of their members in a few years.

Women are neither Liberals or Conservatives. Labels do not interest them. They recognize a political issue, if it is of practical concern to them, and will vote on it with enthusiasm; but ask them to vote for a party simply because it represents a certain attitude of mind or temperament, and they are bored.

BECAUSE British politics are not built to accommodate the female mind I am convinced that the new huge female vote of the pending election will be found — while this article is still current — to have made little difference to the issue one way or another. Far more important, to my mind, is the fact that some sixty women candidates are in the field. Hitherto the greatest number of women M. P.'s sitting at one time has been about ten, scattered among the three parties. Several of them have been at all times the *alter egos* of male politicians. Even so, if they had chosen to go off and sit by themselves in a bloc as the nucleus of the future Women's Party they would have caused a considerable stir. Incidentally they would have been evicted from their constituencies just as quickly as the party machineries could have been got into motion.

Lord Rothermere and Mr. Lloyd George are old friends and, as Mr. Lloyd George has never personally repudiated the idea of joint Liberal-Conservative action, it was thought that Lord Rothermere had some sort of an assurance from Mr. Lloyd George that the Conservative advances, if they materialized, would be welcomed. Lord Rothermere however has made his own stand incomprehensible by stating in a letter to *The Morning Post*, the official Conservative organ, that he has no such understanding.

All this is something of a digression, but the point is that the Liberals show at the moment unmistakable signs of again returning to Parliament holding the whip hand over whichever of the other two Parties it supports (as long as it thinks fit) in power. In a word, the old two-party system is gone and the block system has come in its place with its interminable bargains, alliances, changes of government, realignments of parties and interests.

Under such conditions the formation of a Woman's Party and its ultimate assumption of power is inevitable, unless indeed Britain in the meanwhile follows the prevailing fashion and replaces her increasingly peevish and futile politicians by some robust but genial dictator. I think Britain would be none the worse for being governed by women in place of the she-men that now so largely control our liberties. But it will be after my time, thank God.

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The Windmill That Flies

By Donald F. Rose

Neither airplane nor helicopter, the Autogiro, now being perfected by American engineers, is the greatest thing in aviation since the Wrights flew at Kitty Hawk

A quarter of a century ago the first airplane left the earth under its own power, staggered down the wind for a few yards, and settled safely to earth again. It happened at Kitty Hawk in the Carolinas, and a few newspaper men watched from afar and rushed away to tell the world that mankind had found its wings. On the whole, nobody really believed their story, and one distinguished newspaper turned it down flat as reportorial romancing. But the thing was so, and there and then began the amazing story of the conquest of the air, a story whose subsequent chapters have triumphed in turn over all prophecies and probabilities and given the watching world a thousand thrills.

Exactly twenty-five years later, in December, 1928, at Bryn Athyn, near Philadelphia, the pulsing roar of an airplane motor overhead startled my air-minded ear into sudden attention and sent me hurrying out of the house. It was not that the airplane is any longer a novelty in this section of the skies, since we are surrounded by scattered air fields and within half a mile of a busy aircraft factory. We are familiar with the mail plane that goes over late at night, and see every evening the swinging beams of four beacons that light the New York to Atlanta route. Army and navy ships come here occasionally, pursuit planes and three-engine bombers out on practice flights, and a steady traffic of the Pitcairn fleet in and out of its home port. For the ordinary hum of an airplane engine not even the children will look up from play for more than a moment.

The thing that brought me to the door in time for a new and hundred per cent sensation was that this engine roar was too near to be aeronautically comfortable. Airplanes have no proper business so close to my maple trees or down so low in the broken valley of the Pennypack Creek. They belong up above the wide open spaces, and far enough above so that they risk neither their own safety nor our chimney tops. Therefore I half expected to see some craft in trouble, laboring along look-

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ing for a place to sit down, or else some presumptuous pilot skimming the roofs and "hedge-hopping" in violation of all good sense and right flying behavior. Instead I caught a glimpse of a strange machine which might have materialized out of the pages of Jules Verne's romances.

SOME aeronautical instinct, acquired by familiar acquaintance with airplanes and the men who make and fly them, whispered to me then and there that the spectators at Kitty Hawk now had nothing on me. I too would be able to assure my grandchildren that I was among those present at the birthday of a new aerial age in America. For this queer craft stayed around until it had demonstrated its defiance of all the aeronautical laws and prophets. It flew slow and fast, it flapped along a bare hundred feet from the ground, it stood almost still in the air. It circled around the school near by until classes and teachers came tumbling out to see, and then hung itself in the air above the flag pole while the pilot waved a greeting. At last it spun away across the fields to the factory hangars, dropped almost vertically to the ground and rolled a few feet to a standstill.

The pilot who dismounted from the machine was Harold F. Pitcairn, president of the several Pitcairn aeronautical enterprises, and the machine was the Autogiro, whose initial public demonstrations have lately startled both the public and the aviation industry. It is the invention of Juan de la Cierva, a Spaniard who has worked on it for many years in England, and the Pitcairn-Cierva Autogiro Company of America has purchased all rights to its manufacture in this country and is rapidly perfecting and refining its design for immediate commercial production. Already it has aroused keen enthusiasm from the most conservative pilots, and is recognized by the industry as safely past the experimental stage. Returning in April from a trip to England for a conference with the inventor, the American owner made the statement that "it is no freak, but an efficient product of a sound, conservative aerodynamic engineer."

IT MAY be conceded that it looks like a freak. It looks in flight like nothing yet seen in heaven or earth. It doesn't look like an airplane, nor does it behave like one. To the irreverent imagination it suggests a cross between an intoxicated duck and a flying windmill. It turns corners in the familiar fashion of Charlie Chaplin, and it wanders around the sky in a way to give an air-minded layman heart failure. It flies slowly or fast at choice, and to see a flying machine go slow outrages our sense of the fitness of things and produces a definite sinking feeling at the southern end of the abdomen. Occasionally it hangs around in the air on one foot, as though undecided what to do next. It comes flapping down within fifteen feet of the earth, changes its mind and flaps up again; it buzzes around at what seems a suicidal proximity to the ground; it hops trees and houses like a giant grasshopper. It streaks across the sky faster than an express train, and at last idles down to the ground, lands in the space of a tennis court, and rolls no more than ten feet to a

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standstill. It is a preposterous performance, and the first glance at the machine impels the observation that it can't be done and there "ain't no such animal."

YET this is no fable of fiction, nor a wild dream that is due for the usual disappointments. It is a present-day fact, and a business fact of real importance. I have seen the machine, flown in it, and observed the scientific skill and caution that are being devoted to its perfection. Within a month or so it will be under manufacture in an American factory, and shortly thereafter — unless all signs fail — it will be a commonplace of the American skies. It is true that it stands today only on the threshold of its full development. It is true that its early history has had its share of grief and more than its share of public misconception. Ten years or more have gone into the perfection of the essential principle of autogyration, and details of refinement, construction and the elimination of troublesome trifles have been neglected. It is this fact that has kept the queer craft out of the limelight, so that it has been popularly classed as an impractical freak rather than as a serious challenge to accepted aeronautical practice. It caused a sensation when it flew the English Channel late in 1928, and another when it crashed into wreckage two days later. But even then, while the newspapers were dismissing it as another "helicopter" that wouldn't work, the negotiations were under way which brought it to this country.

There has been a curious apathy about this revolutionary craft and a general skepticism as to what it may be good for. These are not unparalleled; they are exactly the equivalent of the general indifference of twenty-five years ago to what the Wright brothers were doing. Moreover, the public attention has been so often baited with tall stories and wild claims that skepticism may be comprehended and forgiven. Yet a most general and unprofessional understanding of what the Autogiro means to the future of flying, and the fundamental respects in which it differs from the conventional airplane, will readily revise the air-minded layman's estimate of the new craft. Also it will revise the whole programme of preparation for the aerial age which so much occupies public attention — the provision of airports, the laying out of air ways, the developments of uses and regulations for air traffic. Since it is no longer a far distant dream but a present business fact, some explanation of its principles and performance will help the comprehension of the rapid-fire news which will surely attend its development in this country.

THERE is no question that something new under the sun occurred when the Wright brothers flew at Kitty Hawk. The first true airplane, though flimsy as a crate and clumsy as a kitten taking its first walk, was tremendously ahead of all kites, gliders and balloons. For it kicked itself into the air by its own power and held itself there a while on the wind of its own making. Its flight was controlled flight, even though its pilot had probably no comfortable assurance that the thing would do what he wanted it to do, either in

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whole or in part. But at least it flew straight and came down safe, and when once that had happened all subsequent aeronautical development became possible and indeed probable.

A QUARTER of a century later, the airplane is still the recognizable descendant of this primeval ancestor. Ten thousand things have been done to it, and yet essentially there is no constitutional change. The airplane is still a flying surface, forced ahead in the ocean of air and thereby creating the suction to sustain it. There are those other surfaces which steer and control it. Every law of physics and dynamics that operated to lift Mr. Wright into the air is still doing the same kindly service for the air-mail pilot on his transcontinental run. Motors have been miraculously improved, wing curves have come out of the fog of experiment into the realm of sure science, instruments have been devised to render every deed and need of the flying ship articulate to its watchful driver, the plane has been cleaned up and streamlined to become a thing of grace and beauty. But despite all such refinements, the most supercilious pursuit ship or the latest limousine of the air must still recognize its own great-grandfather.

Now that the paroxysm of public optimism over air traffic has somewhat subsided, there is an increasing disposition to discuss the essential limitations of the airplane. Enthusiasm has concentrated on the marvellous things the airplane can do; caution and conservatism now insist that there are also some things it cannot do. These seem to be inherent in it, and are of enormous importance in defining the actual usefulness of the flying machine and deciding what can and should be done to fit it into the civilized scene. They set definite limits to aeronautical development, unless something sensationally new occurs whereby aeronautical progress gets an entirely new start.

Something of that sort has happened and is happening in the development of the Autogiro, which seems likely to turn the aeronautical world upside down and give the air-minded public a new lease of imaginative enthusiasm. It is new, in the sense that it releases the future from those very inhibitions and limitations that have made the airplane what it is today. In another sense, it is by no means new, since it has taken ten years to amount to anything and has appropriated to itself everything worth while that the airplane has developed for its own use. Its success, which just now seems probable and indeed inevitable, will mean that the public's aeronautical enthusiasm must stop, look and listen, and then revise all its plans and estimates for the future. Its chief triumph is that it has met and mastered some of the most fundamental weaknesses of the conventional airplane, in a fashion that is daring, dramatic and essentially romantic.

WHAT are these weaknesses? There are at least three of them. The first and most obvious is that an airplane needs too much space in which to get away from the earth, and all outdoors in which to sit down again safely. A first-class airport must have runways a quarter of a mile in length, and these must be laid out to all points of the compass.

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An airway, such as those maintained for Governmental airmail routes, must have emergency landing fields at judicious intervals, and the oftener the better. A city airport must put out of commission a large area of valuable land and keep it free of neighboring obstructions. Despite all pipe-dreams to the contrary, an airplane cannot land on a department store roof, and will never be able to do so until whole city sections are covered in, which is a possibility that presents its own difficulties. The airplane as we know it today must climb on its own speed into the sky and glide down on a cushion of air to the earth, and for this it needs plenty of room.

THE second weakness of the airplane is that it must land fast — much too fast for invariable safety. Unless it maintains its landing speed — a speed which is prescribed by a law of gravity which has so far defied repeal — it will come down indeed but is also liable to be a good deal the worse for it. When flying speed drops below thirty-five miles an hour, gravity comes into possession of the ship and she "pancakes" out. Now thirty-five miles an hour is slow — deathly slow in terms of the air — but it is a tolerably fast pace for anything on wheels, and when once the airplane touches the earth it becomes something somewhat less manageable than an awkward truck careening giddily across the landscape it has landed on. If that landscape is a smooth-surfaced airport, everything is perfectly all right, but if it is rough country or soft fields or indeed anything unexpected, the consequences may well be unpleasant.

The third and equally inherent weakness of the airplane is that its useful behavior depends to so great a degree upon the man in the front seat. To a very great extent, every strut and surface of the plane is an extension of his own wits and muscles, delicately responsive to his control, but quite irresponsible without it. Unlike the carriers of land or sea, the plane will not rest idly in its own element when out of control. It is true that an increasing margin of stability is being built into the airplane, but so long as landing involves expert selection of site, direction and safe speed, and a delicate levelling of the ship as it meets the ground, an airplane out of control will continue to be a pretty bad risk.

There have been numerous other weaknesses that have been met and mastered. They have been principally defects in design, construction, materials and instruments, and one by one they have been eliminated until the modern airplane is amazingly safe and reliable. But these other three loom large in the road of further progress. They are inherent difficulties. They are a part of the nature and disposition of the flying plane. The airplane demands too much space for leaving and returning to the ground, it has an undesirably high landing speed, and it cannot take care of itself if the pilot's skill or watchfulness fail.

SOME of these defects can probably not be entirely eliminated. It has been pointed out that a flying machine that is heavier than air is a ship that sails always on a lee shore. The irresistible gale of gravity is always urging it to the ground, and

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threatening thereby to smash it more or less conclusively. But foresighted students and optimistic romancers have long considered the possibilities of a new type of flying craft which would escape a large share of these three hazards. It is because the Autogiro promises success along these lines that we may risk the presumption that aviation is now entering a new era.

THIS new age promises a sky scene unlike anything yet imagined. It promises that the air levels will be fairly thronged with strange craft, unlike the fish and bird shapes of the present planes, and behaving in a fashion which they would not dare to emulate. They will flap their way along, comparatively indifferent to weather and ignoring the elaborate airways which we so feverishly build today to give aid and comfort to air traffic. They will come and go through our city air, alight on building tops, and be parked casually in half-acre lots everywhere. They will be cheap and therefore numerous; they will be safe and easy to fly; they will serve as great a variety of uses as does the automobile on the highway below. Among and above them will still be seen the sleek planes, built and used for long distances and fast flight, but the commonplace of the air will be a flying machine which would today seem a freak and absurdity.

This is not unbridled fancy but a probable fact within a few years. It is forecast, indeed, in romances of the past century, which were able to picture what a flying machine should do, even though they offered few practical suggestions as to how it should do it. Most of such fairy tales were woven around the idea of a helicopter, a machine which could pull itself vertically into the sky and alight again gracefully and gently in the same way. The notion remains today the favorite pipe-dream of those who know as little as possible about aeronautics, except to approve of the general idea. Everyone has wondered at some time why an airship should not be built which would rise like a child's tin toy and descend like a spinning maple seed.

The answer is that if it were within the bounds of possibility it would have been done long ago. A lengthy story of invention and experiment has tested a dozen variations of the helicopter theme. The difficulties have seemed insurmountable.

WITHOUT going far into details and complications, a few examples will serve to show why an industry and science which incorporate the best skill of the century have failed to provide the man in the street with the hovering airplane of his innocent dreams. There are at least three major difficulties. One is that the air is a relatively thin and fluid medium, and except at high speeds a flying machine can get little or no hold on it. But any automotive power plant must take hold on something, must kick against something, must thrust against some solid resistant in order to create practical power. The blow of a fist, for example, amounts to something because it has a relatively solid and inert mass in back of it; actually the muscular effort is expended both ways, but the boxer's body is braced to resist it so that its kinetic energy is expended on his opponent. If you could hang an

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airplane engine freely in the air and set its motor and propeller spinning, the engine itself would eventually begin to revolve in the opposite direction until its counter speed practically balanced the propeller revolution. Now it is certain that a machine could be built with a vertical propeller which would rise from the ground, but it is also certain that the machine would tend at once to turn around and eventually to spin merrily.

THIS "torque" is characteristic of all automotive plants, including the automobile and airplane. In the automobile it can easily be compensated, and the airplane deals with it by adjustments of the tail surfaces. But such adjustments are effective only because the airplane is travelling at high speed. At fifty miles an hour or more the air becomes relatively solid — as resistant, for example, as water is at three miles an hour or more. The plane can "lean" on it and thereby hold a true course. But for the simple reason that no one wants a helicopter that must rise at a speed of fifty miles an hour or more, this solution is no solution for the vertically-flying craft.

There are many complications to this problem of torque. Various devices have been tested for meeting it, including dual and triple propellers of opposing directions of revolution, vanes and slots to catch the windstream from the propeller, and even small propellers fastened to the blades of the vertical propeller itself. Either they have failed to correct it or they have too much complicated it or increased out of proportion the bulk of the flying machinery.

A second problem is that of resolving vertical into forward flight, since a flying machine in the air is of no importance unless it is going somewhere. The too obvious suggestion of a pair of propellers does not help. In the first place it multiplies machinery; in the second it leaves unanswered the question as to what to do with the vertical propeller when you no longer need it. Further, no helicopter can pull into the air a plane with large wing surfaces, yet a plane must have wing surfaces for forward flight. A third alternative, that the propeller be in some fashion adjustable, presents complications too involved to contemplate. Particularly it overlooks the point that for a vertical rise the speed of the propeller and the pitch of its blades must be adjusted for relatively slow and steady flight and then somehow changed to give a useful forward speed, all the conditions of flight and sustentation having likewise changed in the meantime.

A THIRD difficulty is that the helicopter is liable to be unmanageable, unstable and at the mercy of all the winds that blow. In so far as it reproduces the advantage of a balloon or dirigible it shares their weaknesses. If it can rise slowly, hover and descend vertically and gently, it loses its independence in the air, like a boat that idles in the sea at the mercy of every wave, swell and drift. A plane can outride a storm because it has more power and speed than the storm. It can manœuvre in the air with accuracy and assurance, because it moves quickly. The airplane, indeed, is at its most dangerous crisis when it loses flying speed, and the helicopter is a dangerous and

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speculative quantity because it never has a true flying speed.

There are plenty of other difficulties, including the very practical one that nobody has yet devised a helicopter that can carry much more than itself. But the principal difficulty is simply that it won't work. Models of helicopters have been built and tested and promised well; uniformly they have failed when converted to full-sized flying machines. The patent offices of the nations are full of the sad bones of helicopter experiments.

THE Autogiro is not a helicopter, though most people have so far insisted on so calling it. Its fundamental principle is involved in its "autogyration", which means that its flight is sustained not alone by the forward movement of the whole craft, but by the combined effect of forward motion with the revolution of its "wings". The basic aerodynamic law is that the plane can only be supported by surfaces in rapid motion. In the conventional airplane this means a forward speed of not less than forty miles an hour at best and in many craft the necessary speed approximates one hundred miles an hour. In the Autogiro, the wings themselves revolve, and the supporting action is a combination of their own motion with the forward motion of the whole machine. Fundamentally, this is the keynote of the new craft and all its possibilities.

It is not easy to explain the principle of autogyration, which is not surprising in view of the fact that it has taken ten years to make it work. The machine itself can be described. It has a conventional fuselage, an ordinary aviation motor and propeller in the usual place, and tail surfaces and rudder like those of an ordinary plane. It has, however, no wings like those we are accustomed to, except for brief fins which serve principally to carry the banking controls. From the centre of the craft rises a steel mast, at the top of which is a "rotor", a four-bladed windmill-like arrangement, which at first sight suggests the helicopter propeller. It is not, however, a propeller, since it propels nothing but swings freely on ball bearings. When in the air, this rotor revolves at a rate of about 140 revolutions per minute. It looks slower than that, since the vanes are large and we are familiar with the ten-fold revolution speed of the ordinary propeller, and this suggests vaguely the simile of the flapping wings.

THE most startling fact of the Autogiro's flight is that it flies on this freely revolving rotor, which serves it exactly in the capacity of an airplane's wing. Strange to say, this idea is by no means new; it was long ago discovered that a revolving surface would sustain flight effectively. But such flight had proved quite unsatisfactory, unstable and uncomfortable, involving all sorts of rolling motions and "bumps", due principally to the fact that one side of the "wing" is moving along with the line of flight while the corresponding blade on the other side is going backwards. It is the correction of this difficulty that has made the Autogiro practicable.

The correction was effected by leaving the rotor blades free to ad-

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just themselves to the air in which they spin. They are free to rise and fall within reasonable limits and to adjust somewhat to the changing strains of their forward and backward swing. The final effect is that they swing freely in all conditions. The pressure of air induced by forward flight tends to lift the blade on one side and depress it on the other, while the centrifugal force of their revolution compensates for both. The rotor becomes an exact mechanical equivalent of the maple seed which spins down slowly and easily to the earth, except that the forward flight of the ship produced by the engine and propeller out front, converts this slowly spinning set of vanes into a flying surface, and holds the whole craft in the air.

SO THAT we have now a craft that flies like an airplane but settles to earth like a parachute. It climbs like an airplane, though more steeply than the average commercial craft. It maintains in flight a speed comparable to that of ordinary light aircraft and quite adequate for commercial purposes. It is notably stable and easy riding, since the floating vanes of the rotor take up most of the shocks of bumpy air. But in addition to these familiar and desirable qualities of air travel, it lands slowly, in an astonishingly small space, and with a minimum of help from the pilot. Actually it *lands itself*, right side up and with care. If an airplane goes clear out of control and drops 150 feet, it is liable to be a spoiled airplane. But an Autogiro has been literally dropped for 1,500 feet, and suffered nothing but a broken undercarriage.

There are other significant advantages to the new ship. It is easy to fly, so that experienced instructors have declared that a few hours would be sufficient to give a student practical mastery of it. The elimination of most of the landing problem, chief bugbear of the student flyer and one that has denied many their wings, puts practical flying within easy reach of everybody. It is economical to build, since the practical elimination of bending loads from the wings and the substitution of a single centrifugal strain does away with a lot of careful and costly handiwork. It enormously reduces the overhead charges of owning an airplane, since such a craft can take off from any decent field and land in a fair-sized lawn. It needs a minimum of hangar space, and might readily incorporate the practical advantages of the folding wings used on certain types of aircraft. It can be adapted to all-metal construction and to standardized production.

IT MUST be realized at the same time that the Autogiro stands today only at the beginning of its full development. Now for the first time, in this country and in several nations of Europe, the varied skills of aeronautical and automotive engineers are concentrated on "cleaning it up". Its defects are none of them beyond the reach of present knowledge and experience; its basic principle has been established as sound; and there are tremendous possibilities of perfection before it. It may not ultimately look much like the present "flying windmill". It may dispense with the conventional fuselage, it may contrive all sorts of variations on the

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four-bladed rotor; it may add means and devices to climb as well as it sits down. But the fact that it already sits down so safely and sensibly is an immediate and epochal fact.

We need not go plunging far ahead to anticipate what may come of this new development. Such a ship does more to conquer the menace of fog and low visibility than all the mechanical devices yet contrived, since it can fly safely near the ground, fly slowly, and pick its landing place, on any lawn, vacant field or back lot. It removes much of the psychological hazard that holds back passenger traffic in the air, since it would be extremely reassuring to the timorous layman to know that his flying taxicab has a sporting chance of getting safely to earth no matter what happens to the motor or the pilot. It would give the cities a fair chance to use the air, since they need not tear their hearts out to provide central landing fields of magnificent proportions, and can provide instead numerous small landing areas and ample garage accommodations out where land is less valuable. And such a ship would turn out at last to be the true "flivver" of the air, the family flying machine, the sporting man's pet plaything and the business man's necessity.

It seems certain that unless there arise some difficulties at present totally unexpected, the American skies will soon be thronged with a new sort of bird. It will become, indeed, the most familiar bird of the heavens, a carrier pigeon of commerce, steady in flight as a gray goose and ubiquitous as the sparrow. There will be other birds to keep it company, war birds and swift messengers, hawks and eagles and darting swallows. These will go on and further with their amazing aerobatics, their rolls and spins and loops and twists, their indifference to upside down and right side up, their terrific speed and astonishing mobility. These things are proper to the airplane, and have won its triumphs. A less spectacular but more useful triumph waits for the machine that knows how to sit down.

One of the most conservative of American pilots has promised and prophesied that within a few years — five at most — an American business man will step into his Autogiro far out in the suburbs as nonchalantly as today he enters his waiting car. He will fly down to the city, alight on the roof of his own office building, and turn over his ship to an attendant to fly down to the city garage or hangar. At evening the air will be filled with flying machines at levels regulated by traffic rules, taking their owners back again to their homes. With airplanes as they are today the picture is impossible. With a flying machine that can take its time, pick its perch, and be reasonable in its demands, it is not only possible but probable. Such a probability is latent in the lazily spinning vanes of the rotor above the flying machine which is just now making its first ambitious flights in America.

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The Oak Island Treasure

By Charles B. Driscoll

A specialist in pirate lore reports as actual fact this weirdly incredible tale of an ancient cache impregnably buried beneath a North Atlantic beach

I know where treasure is buried in a dozen places on this globe, and where it lies wasting its yellow sheen in the dark homes of the octopus and sea anemone. Gathering material for pirate tales, I have caught the glint of the treasure spell among the islands of the tropics, along the Spanish Main, and wherever sea rovers have sailed. But the most extraordinary buried treasure I know anything about is far from the tracks of all buccaneers. It is deep in the soil of Oak Island, in Mahone Bay, on the eastern coast of Nova Scotia.

There is but one human inhabitant on Oak Island: John McInnies, a lone, weather-beaten old man with grizzled hair and mustache, and a look in his mild blue eyes that I have come to recognize as characteristic of the veteran treasure-seeker everywhere. Long ago, that look tells you, John McInnies learned to disregard the taunts and the laughter of skeptical men. He knows the treasure is there, and he does not resent the disbelief of others.

I found him neither enthusiastic nor uncommunicative. He would answer questions that were put clearly and simply, but he would not volunteer information. It was all the same to him whether I believed in the treasure or doubted.

"How long have you lived on this island?" I asked.

"All my life. Handy on to sixty-three years."

"Where did your father come from?"

"Oh, he was born here too. James McInnies was his name. Born in the same house."

"How about your father's father?"

"Daniel McInnies, he was, and born right here."

"Well, well: a long line of McInnieses have been on Oak Island. And what of Daniel's father, your great-grandfather?"

"He was another Daniel McInnies and everybody knows about him. He was one of the original discoverers of the treasure. After he got interested in the work here, he settled down and built a house right on this spot. We've all lived here ever since to be close to the treasure though we lost all claim to it years since."

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Four generations of a long-lived family, chained to this lonely spot by the strange spell of that buried gold!

It was in the fall of 1795 that three young woodsmen, looking for adventure and game, beached their canoe on the Oak Island sands in a lonely little inlet shaded by towering evergreen oaks that stood a little back from the beach. Two or three live oaks still stand there, but in those days there was a goodly grove of them. Book-botanists will be tempted to quit my story right here, for they say the live oak does not grow so far north, and is seldom found north of Virginia. All I can say to that is, go to Oak Island and see, as I did. It is not difficult to get there.

ANTHONY VAUGHAN and Jack Smith were the companions of young Daniel McInnies on that fateful trip. The three lived somewhere on the mainland, not far away. They had no sooner landed than they made their first discovery. Some one had been on Oak Island before, and long ago, at that. Four hundred feet from the water's edge there stood a live oak tree of giant stature, with a limb sawed off! The limb was fifteen or eighteen feet from the ground, horizontal, and its stump extended now about four feet out from the tree-trunk. The limb was dead, and the bark on it was deeply scored, especially on the upper surface. The woodsmen examined it carefully, for to them it was the sign of a mystery that must be looked into. It had been supposed that none of the three hundred or more islands in Mahone Bay had been explored up to that time.

The story told by most of those who have been close to Oak Island lore says that there was an old ship's block dangling from the scored limb when the woodsmen made their discovery. This is a most important item, if true, and I spent many weeks trying to verify this part of the tale, without success. You will see later on why it is an extremely important point.

FROM the moment they sighted the sawed-off limb, the woodsmen were on the track of a mystery. Well, their great-grandchildren have grown old on the track of the same mystery, and the great-great-grandchildren of two of them already have children who are old enough to be optimistic about the early solution of it. For the descendants of Smith and Vaughan still live in the neighboring mainland town of Chester, and in other parts of the province of Nova Scotia, and repeat the tales their aged grandparents heard long ago from grandparents of theirs who have long been dust.

Directly under the sawed-off limb, at the foot of the giant evergreen oak, the woodsmen observed that the sod was noticeably sunken. The depression was roughly circular, and measured thirteen feet in diameter. This observation led instantly to the inevitable conclusion. Some one had buried something at the foot of this tree, lowering it into the hole by means of tackle attached to the limb. In 1795 real deep-water pirates had not disappeared from the seas, and every young man in the western world had heard tales of treasure the pirates had buried. These three woodsmen at once thought of pirates and treasure. They paddled home in feverish excitement that night. They

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would return and get the treasure tomorrow. What a long tomorrow!

The young men returned early the next day, and, beginning to dig, they found that they were surely working in an old shaft. They noticed that the earth was much less hard within the circle than outside it. Also, the scoring of some pick-like implement was observed on the sides of the shaft they were emptying.

On that first crisp October day the young men reached, at a depth of ten feet, a solid platform, made of rough oak planks, three inches thick, put together without nails or bolts.

Next day the platform was removed, with much labor, but no treasure chest was found beneath it. The young men proceeded with their digging for many days. When they reached a depth of twenty feet they struck a wooden platform, almost exactly like the first one, and again nothing but earth was found beneath!

Winter came on early and interrupted the work just as the diggers had struck a third platform of heavy planks, at thirty feet below the surface.

REALIZING that they must get help, the boys spent the winter going about through the neighboring villages and countryside with their story, but they could elicit no active interest. They found a more difficult barrier than any platforms of oak, and that was superstition. The impression was abroad that there was something queer about Oak Island. An old woman living on the mainland at Chester, four miles away, told tales she had heard from her mother, who had been reared on that same shore. In the time of the old dame's grandmother it had been generally understood that the island was accursed. Strange lights had been seen there at night, and fires had gleamed, and boatmen who had gone out from the mainland to investigate had never returned.

One after another, men who became sufficiently interested in the treasure trove to promise help heard the weird stories, and on second thought declined to be identified with the venture.

DURING seven years the boys grew older, and the treasure trove remained unexplored. Smith married a girl of Chester and the pair built a house on the island beside the treasure pit. There they began rearing a family. McInnies also married a girl who was willing to live on the island and wait for the great gold strike. Vaughan married and settled down in the mainland area known as the Western Shore, and there George Vaughan, a descendant, lives today, and believes in the treasure.

When Smith's first baby was about to be born, his wife went to Truro, to stay in the home of Doctor John Lynds. This young doctor was immensely interested in her story of the treasure of Oak Island. He became acquainted with Jack Smith, and when the young mother was able to travel, he went back to the island with her to look at the treasure pit. Impressed by what he saw, Dr. Lynds waived payment of his bill. "That'll pay for one share of stock in a company we must form to get this treasure out," he said. And so it came about that the first Oak Island Treasure Company was formed.

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By this time Smith had made many observations about the island that added to the mystery of the treasure. He had cleared a small space for his farming, and in doing so had found patches of red clover, which was as foreign to Nova Scotia as were the live oaks. He also noted that while some of these oaks were quite old, there was all about them a growth of underbrush and trees that was much younger, as though the area had once been cleared of all but a few oak trees. But in the light of later events, his most important discovery was that the ground near the beach at a neighboring inlet apparently had been levelled off by the labor of man.

The little inlet near the oak grove already had become known as Smith's Cove. Digging there one day at low tide, Smith came upon a great rock, solidly imbedded in the beach structure, into which was fastened an ancient hand-forged iron ring-bolt. It was plain that here had once been a place for mooring ships!

Meanwhile, Dr. Lynds went about interesting his many friends in the treasure venture. Among the prominent men who joined him were Colonel Robert Archibald, Captain David Archibald, and Sheriff Harris. These are still good names in that part of Nova Scotia.

THIS first Oak Island Treasure Company drove a shaft down to a depth of ninety-five feet. Every ten feet some sort of marker or obstruction was found. Most of these were platforms of oak or spruce planks, but one was a layer of putty, which sounds foolish enough when first you hear of it, but not quite so silly when you learn that a waterproof putty was formerly carried in large quantities by every well-stored ship, and its use among seafaring folk goes back to very ancient times.

Another of the ten-foot markers was a deep layer of charcoal, spread over a layer of a tropical fibre, resembling the fibre that grows on the outside of a cocoanut.

AT ABOUT this point I think I can detect a few guffaws and a derisive sneer or two from the gallery. And some one says, "Bunk! Charcoal and putty and fiber! Who'd put stuff like that in a hole that treasure was buried in, and who'd bury treasure a hundred feet deep anyhow?"

Believe me, skeptical objectors, if I were making this story up I could do much better than this. I'd make it sound much more probable. And I wouldn't put any putty and charcoal and fibre into it at all. But I didn't put them there. Who did? In due time I shall offer you my guess, and then you may have yours, which will be just as good, I suspect.

Some of the putty was used by Smith in glazing his house, which up to this time had not been a very magnificent house, and had had no glass windows. The fibre is more important. It becomes quite a factor later in this record. I have seen a handful of it, which has been preserved. It may not be cocoanut fibre; it may be sisal, or something quite similar. It is curly and coarse and unquestionably of tropical origin.

At ninety feet, the diggers unearthed a thin flat stone, about three feet long and sixteen inches wide. On one face it bore peculiar characters which nobody could decipher. The

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searchers felt, however, that the treasure hunt was getting hot.

The stone was shown to everyone who visited the Island in those days. Smith built this stone into his fireplace, with the strange characters outermost, so that visitors might see and admire it. Many years after his death, the stone was removed from the fireplace and taken to Halifax, where the local savants were unable to translate the inscription. It was then taken to the home of J. B. McCulley in Truro, where it was exhibited to hundreds of friends of the McCulleys, who became interested in a later treasure company. Somehow the stone fell into the hands of a bookbinder, who used it as a base upon which to beat leather for many years. A generation later, with the inscription nearly worn away, the stone found its way to a book store in Halifax, and what happened to it after that I was unable to learn. But there are plenty of people living who have seen the stone. Nobody, however, ever seriously pretended to translate the inscription.

On the Saturday evening after the mysterious stone had been taken out of the shaft, soundings were made with an iron rod, driven straight down into the bottom of the pit. At a depth of approximately one hundred feet below the surface, the inevitable planking was struck again. So, with all the anxiety of a marginal buyer in a falling market, the treasure seekers went to their homes for a much needed rest over Sunday.

On the following Monday morning they came to the pit and found sixty feet of water in it! Day and night, for a week, bailing crews worked. They lowered the level of the water considerably, but when they went home for the week-end the pit filled up again. It was decided to abandon the effort to get the treasure out that way. Another shaft was sunk, a few yards away from the treasure excavation which, ever since the shafts began to multiply, has been known as the money pit.

The second hole went down to a depth of 110 feet, and then a horizontal shaft was driven toward the money pit. Hindsight doesn't require much cleverness, but it seems to me that the result of this operation might have been foreseen. When the horizontal tunnel was almost under the money pit, the water burst through. Then the company gave up.

The three young men who had sworn to keep on digging until they found the treasure saw the years come and go. All three reared families, but did not greatly prosper. Jack Smith grew old in his house beside the grove of ancient oaks, but his hopes bloomed every spring with the red clover. Daniel McInnies regretted that his children had nowhere to go to school. But never mind. Before they should grow too big for instruction the treasure would be brought up, and then they could go to Europe to school and make up for lost time. And so it went, tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow, until old Daniel McInnies, white-haired and feeble, died and was buried in the hard and mysterious soil of Oak Island. He left with his son Daniel explicit instructions for continuing the work to recover the treasure.

Vaughan was still living, but old

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and shaky, when, in 1849, another treasure-hunting company was formed. He went over to the Island, where the children of Smith and McInnies were living with their half-grown children, and, with his cane, poked about amid the wreckage until he found the exact location of the money pit. The pit had filled up and almost disappeared.

Dr. Lynds, too, was living, and joined the new company with all his old optimism. He was sure the treasure would be brought to light before he should be too old to appreciate it.

THE shaft was started, with much cheering, and that summer of 1849 saw it grow downward, with firmly cribbed and braced sides, to a depth of eighty-six feet. Then the water came in. Bailing with large casks was undertaken, but proved a failure.

At this time, J. B. McCulley, a neighbor of Dr. Lynds, was manager of the Treasure Company. It was he who took the inscribed stone home to show to his friends. This McCulley knew a coal prospector who was out of work, and brought him to Oak Island with his "pod auger," a kind of primitive boring apparatus operated by a belt running from a horse-power gin. The water level remained about thirty-five feet below the surface, and just above the water a platform was built, and the drill mounted on it.

Now began the most interesting experiment in the history of the treasure hunt. The drill was in charge of a foreman named Pitbaldo, who had strict instructions to drive it down slowly, withdraw it slowly, and to keep the bit untouched until one of the officers of the company should be called. Old Dr. Lynds had introduced some semblance of scientific method. He insisted that the bit be cleaned carefully after each withdrawal, and that every grain taken from it should be carefully dried before the fire in the Smith house, sifted, and examined under a glass.

Several members of the Treasure Company took turns occupying a place on the platform with Pitbaldo when the drill was sent down for the first time. The excitement around the pit was tremendous as the reports of progress were shouted up from below. By listening and feeling the bit and observing its actions, it was possible to tell what kind of surfaces it was striking with its point. The platform was struck at the hundred-foot level and bored through. It was five inches thick. It was easy to make exact measurements from above, by noting carefully the progress of the drill.

The auger dropped twelve inches after penetrating the platform, as though it had reached an empty space. Then it slowly bit its way through four inches of solid oak.

NOW came the peak of excitement. The bit was revolving in a mass of pieces of loose metal!

Chips of the oak had clung to the bit when it was brought up while boring through the wood, but several times the drill was hoisted while it was going through the loose bits of metal, and there was nothing. If the drill had finally struck a chest of gold coins, such a result was to be expected, for of course it would but jostle the coins about, and not cut into them.

Now the bit was being slowly

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raised again, with great care not to shake off any precious fragment that might cling to it. John Lynds stood by and cleaned the bit, wrapping the dirt up in a cloth. Over at the Smith house every particle was closely examined.

This time no magnifying glass was required to see the evidence. Three tiny gold links, part of an ancient chain, were caught on the bit, imbedded in the mud!

THE sensation among the workers was profound. All the officers of the company rushed off to the house to see the latest find examined. Meantime, there was just time for Pitbaldo to drop the auger once again before quitting for the day. Only one other worker was close by when he drew it up. He saw Pitbaldo quickly detach something from the side of the bit with his fingers, examine it a moment, and then slip it into his pocket.

"Better give that to Mr. McCulley, hadn't you, Pitbaldo?" said the laborer.

"Oh, I guess not," replied the foreman. "The directors have a meeting tomorrow. I'll show it to them then. It's a thing the directors ought to see all at once."

That night Pitbaldo disappeared, and the suspicion at once arose that he had pocketed a valuable piece of evidence. This suspicion increased later, when Pitbaldo turned up in Cape Breton Island in the company of a miner who presently made efforts to question the validity of the Treasure Company's title to the treasure trove, and tried to acquire title for himself.

One more interesting find was made among the scrapings taken from the auger that day and the next. It was merely a ball of soft material, about the size of a pea, but when it was dried out before the fire it proved to be a tiny piece of parchment. This scrap of parchment I myself examined under a glass a short time ago. It is a small fragment, torn from a sheet on which something was written in what appears to be India ink.

After going through twenty-two inches of the loose metal, the auger penetrated eight inches of oak, then another layer of loose metal, twenty-two inches deep, then four inches of oak. Here, according to the obvious interpretation made by the observers, were two oaken chests of treasure, one above the other, and each one made of four-inch timbers. Afterwards the bit ground through what appeared to be a six-inch platform of spruce, and then slid easily through seven feet of clay without striking anything hard.

THE drill was moved a few feet, and again dropped. It struck the platform as before, went through it, dropped eighteen inches, and then began behaving oddly. There was a jerky motion, and the bit was found to be cutting irregularly into wood on one side, and striking nothing on the other side. The watchers said it was striking the curved exterior of a wooden cask. Repeated examinations of the bit disclosed small splinters, such as might have been chipped off cask staves, and also some strands of the coarse vegetable fiber heretofore mentioned.

This ended the operations for that summer of 1849. John Gammel, of Upper Stewiacke, Nova Scotia, who

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had seen Pitbaldo put the article taken from the bit into his pocket, had become a stockholder in the treasure company, and he was mightily curious about Pitbaldo. He spent part of the winter hunting for him, and found him all too late. Pitbaldo had gone to work in a gold mine and had been killed. No mortal will ever know what John Pitbaldo put into his pocket.

IT WAS decided that there was nothing to gain by boring the treasure chests full of holes, so the man with the drill departed that fall, and came no more. During the summer of 1850 the same company continued operations. It sunk a shaft ten feet from the money pit, to a depth of 109 feet. It had learned nothing from a previous attempt of this kind. A horizontal shaft was driven toward the money pit, and the water and mud burst through, quickly filling the new shaft to about the same level as the water constantly maintained in the main pit.

Then a serious study of the water problem was made, with amazing results. Here we have one of the most incredible parts of this treasure story, and a part that I certainly would omit if I were inventing the tale for the amusement of my readers.

Much thinking and some observation convinced the treasure hunters that the ocean water was entering the money pit through an artificial channel. There were dozens of reasons for thinking so. None of the shafts showed any signs of water until they were driven right up against the money pit. The money pit itself showed no water at all until it had gone down ninety-five feet and the platform at one hundred feet had been struck by the sounding-bar. Once the water entered, it came in a flood that could not be conquered.

Careful exploration of the beach and the intervening ground disclosed the stunning fact that those who anciently hid the treasure had with infinite pains and remarkable engineering skill constructed a tunnel from tidewater to the treasure trove, cunningly devised so that any meddlers should be forever thwarted by the ocean itself!

The tunnel does not lead from the nearest shore point, but from a gently sloping and well-protected beach some thirty rods away. The beach at this point has been, at some far-off date, entirely reconstructed by the labor of man, apparently for the sole purpose of causing it to furnish a steady flow of salt water into the treasure pit.

THE treasure-hiding engineers knew better than to make a tunnel through which the tide would rush in full force, for such a work would lead to nothing but ultimate destruction. So the beach, between low-tide and high-tide marks, was carefully dug out and rebuilt in such fashion that it would act as a gigantic sponge, holding the water from the incoming tide and steadily pouring it, by gravity pressure alone, through a long and gently-sloping tunnel, into the carefully guarded treasure pit. The flow at no time would be violent, but as long as the ocean and the beach should last, it would be there.

This is how the flood from the beach was provided for: For a distance of 145 feet along the beach, and from

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low water to high water, the natural structure of the beach was excavated. The builders then filled in a foundation of large beach rocks, loosely placed, so that there was space between and among them for the water to run. Placed among these rocks in a fan-like pattern, five drain-lines were constructed, spreading out toward the ocean side and converging toward the land side. These drains were made of the flatter rocks, with sides and tops so laid that the water could trickle into them easily, much as American farmers made their drains prior to the general use of drain tile.

Over the heavy beach-rock structure was laid a thatch of eel grass, which may have been two feet thick when laid down. Over this was spread a compact mass of the tropical vegetable fibre heretofore mentioned. There was a great deal of this, carefully packed down. Over this the sand and gravel of the natural beach was carefully replaced, leaving a sloping surface that would not arouse suspicion.

THE effect of all this was exactly what was wanted by the engineers who put away the treasure. The water from the tide infiltrated slowly through the beach sand, and filled the giant sponge of fibrous hair to repletion. Here, then, was a permanent reservoir, always having its supply of water renewed, and never in any danger of running dry. The fibrous plant and the eel grass resist the action of water, particularly when kept from the air, so that no decay had taken place when the beach was uncovered by the searchers, and I recently held some of the fibre in my hands and can testify that it is still as fresh and serviceable as when it came from the tropics.

The converging drains, which collected the water, led into a tunnel similarly constructed of flat rocks, and leading directly from the beach to the treasure pit.

THE obvious question arising here is: How did the hiders of the treasure expect to get it out? Would not the ocean work against them as it has worked against their opponents in this extraordinary game of treasure-hunting?

There are two possible answers. One is that it is within the bounds of imagination to assume that those who hid the treasure expected to leave it there forever.

The other, and to me more probable solution, is that the treasure hiders kept a complete map and plan of the works, with exact location of a secret water-gate which the searchers have never discovered; and that this gate, once closed, would hold back the sea water. It even seems probable to me that such skilful engineers may have closed the gate before they put their treasure, all dry and safe, into its lasting home, and that the searchers sprung the gate when they struck the last platform with the sounding-rod. The rock with the strange inscription may have been the warning to the initiates that the water-trap was just ahead. Those in the secret may have had exact instructions as to how to disconnect the trap or raise the last platform without springing the floodgate. But outsiders would certainly blunder upon the platform, disturb it without locking fast the secret gate, and thus call in Old Ocean, the ulti-

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mate guardian of the precious treasure.

This, I admit, is speculation. It is my own theory, and I have not heard anything like it from anyone connected with the treasure search. But to me it seems reasonable and explanatory.

The tunnel leading from the beach to the treasure pit has never been traced from source to exit. Only fragments and sections of it have been found, here and there.

When the existence of such a tunnel was first suspected, engineers who were consulted said that if there were such a bore, doubtless there was somewhere, between the beach and the treasure pit, a vertical shaft which had furnished air to the builders of the tunnel. Desultory search for such a shaft proved fruitless. But by accident it seems to have been found. One of the later Smiths was plowing in his little field, between the pit and the reservoir beach, when his oxen suddenly began to flounder and sink into the ground. The plowman jumped aside, but both oxen went down and wedged themselves into a pit, fifteen feet deep and of irregular diameter. This probably was the mouth of the shaft leading down to the tunnel. But by the time this incident occurred the captains and the planners had departed, during a lull in operations, and nothing ever was done about following the lead thus accidentally uncovered.

Let me pass over many subsequent efforts to get at the treasure. Cofferdams were built on the beach to hold back the tide, and they collapsed. New shafts were sunk and flooded. At a depth of 118 feet a tunnel was driven under the money pit, and the whole thing fell in. A new company formed in 1863 was frustrated by the dangers of further digging in the soft mud. Later, Halifax business men started a company which dissipated its funds in futile efforts to tap and block the intake tunnel. For thirty years thereafter, the grass and brush healed over the scars made by all these treasure hunters.

Then, in 1893, there came into the drama of the treasure a new character — Frederick L. Blair, a young insurance salesman. At the age of seventeen he first invested his savings in the projected company. If only he could have seen a motion picture of young Vaughan, at sixteen, swearing to dig until he got the treasure, and then another picture, showing Old Man Vaughan, poking with his cane among the débris of his youthful hope!

For the 1893 company spent its funds in the same old hopeless struggle. Two interesting discoveries were made, confirming previous finds and theories. The money pit was cleared of wrecked cribbing and débris to a depth of thirty-five feet. Here was found the platform upon which the 1849 company had erected its drilling machinery. Operations were shifted to one of the neighboring shafts, and through a communicating tunnel the workers managed to clear the money pit to a depth of 111 feet. At this level the opening of the intake tunnel was found and exposed to examination. It was an opening about two and a half feet wide, partly filled with round stones from the beach. The sea water poured steadily

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between these stones. The operators admitted that they would never be able to pump out the ocean as fast as it was flowing in through the tunnel, so they bored five holes, more or less at random, near the reservoir beach, in the hope of finding the intake. One of these holes evidently hit the tunnel. When dynamite was exploded in it at a depth of 180 feet, ocean water rose in it to tide level, and the water in the distant money pit boiled from the force of the explosion.

Having proved this point, the treasure hunters characteristically abandoned further efforts to stop up the conduit from tide water. Meantime, further operations were going on at the money pit. Through a two-inch pipe a bit was sent down, the drilling being done with improved machinery. At 126 feet the drill struck oak wood, and then iron. The pipe could not be driven beyond this obstruction, but the drill went on. At the interesting depth of 153 feet the point struck stone. Samples brought up looked decidedly like man-made cement to the drillers, so specimens were sent to an analytical laboratory in London for analysis. The laboratory forwarded its analysis, with the carefully guarded statement that it was the same as that commonly reported on cement, and that it was the well-considered opinion of the chemists that this was not a natural stone, but one that had been mixed and made by man.

HERE was another amazing discovery. It seemed to indicate that the careful treasure-hiders had cemented the floor of the cell into which they had lowered their gold, and that the entire structure of the subterranean treasure house must have been approximately forty feet from floor to ceiling! The cement floor was found to be seven inches thick, and lay upon solid oak flooring five inches thick.

Well, it would seem that somebody had buried something, all right! The drill finally ran through the last of the artificial construction at 154 feet below the surface.

Further drilling confirmed the earlier observations of this company. Cement walls, floor and roof, reinforced by iron and heavy oak timbers were struck again and again, and bored through. Also, loose metal pieces in great quantities, closely packed.

EXCITEMENT once more reached fever pitch among the treasure-seekers. Everybody was confident that the greatest treasure in all history would be brought up for distribution among the faithful stockholders. In the following two years the company sank six shafts near the money pit, ranging in depth from ninety-five feet to 160 feet. The theory was that it would be possible to sink deep holes enough to take off the water from the pit in which the treasure lay, and get the goods out while the deep holes were filling up.

This effort to drain the treasure pit was partly successful. When the deepest shaft reached 160 feet, the water began to rush in, and the water in the money pit began to fall. It fell fourteen feet in an hour, and then began to rise again, slowly. As soon as the 160-foot pit filled up to a level with the water in the money pit, both levels rose slowly together, until the money pit was

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again flooded to the old level. These events occurred in 1897. Further expensive borings were made and interesting facts concerning the possible existence of a second intake tunnel were established, but finally the treasure company ceased work. When accounts were settled up, the control of the treasure site was vested in Blair.

AGAIN the silent grass and the encroaching rust took charge of the sadly-pitted area beside the sentinel oaks. Years were passing, and Frederick Blair was rearing a family while he laid plans for getting at the treasure.

In 1905 he obtained from the Crown and the Canadian Parliament a grant of treasure trove rights touching any treasure that might be exhumed at Oak Island. A portion goes to the Crown, but the terms are liberal as they affect Blair. He also obtained a lease on the treasure farm for a period of forty years; and in 1922 he launched his major offensive. He had heavy machinery for drilling, digging and carting away. A New York contractor was sent to Oak Island with a big gang, and the work began to hum.

The summer residents of the charming old town of Chester, on the mainland, awoke to the fact that something was going on at Oak Island, and boatmen did a thriving business, taking tourists close enough to the Island to view the work. Night and day the gas engines chugged and the donkey engines puffed. Much dirt was moved. But detail here is useless, and the heartache is still too new to be probed. Suffice it to say that the ocean and the ancient buriers of treasure were again victorious.

But Frederick L. Blair has not lost faith that the mysterious cache will yet be opened. I found him in his home on Beacon Street, in Boston. He talked about the treasure, and I asked many questions. He showed me all the evidence, all the correspondence and old records, the bit of parchment under glass, and samples of the tropical fibre taken from the mysterious beach which I had just left.

"I'm getting all these things in order," he said. "I am not young any more, and I will be passing on one of these days. I have spent most of my money, and I am thinking of going back to Nova Scotia to raise chickens. But the evidence and the lease, which has a good while yet to run, will go down to my heirs."

TO CONJECTURE as to what Mr. Blair's successors may find at Oak Island is futile, of course. But one cannot resist looking back over the story to speculate on the past: How *did* the treasure really reach Oak Island? Who could have buried it there, and why should anyone bury it so deeply and so securely, and then leave it there, forever guarded by the ocean?

Of course, it is inevitable that the boatmen who consent to take you out to Oak Island from the Chester landing should refer to it as Captain Kidd's. But Captain Kidd, whose name has become a synonym for pirate all over the world, was never a pirate, and never buried any treasure anywhere. Furthermore, he was never within many miles of Oak Island. He was an honest sea captain

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who had the bad fortune to get in the way of several crooked politicians, one of whom chanced to be Governor of the Colony of New York, and another of whom happened to be King of England. Several others were members of the House of Lords of the British Empire, and all together they did poor Kidd to death to save their own skins — and reputations.

I DOUBT that any of the several thousand pirates of whom we have record had anything to do with this treasure. The most lucrative pirating was done in the Caribbean and in the Atlantic Ocean, south of the Virginia Capes. Why should any pirate or any piratical organization that we know anything about waste time sailing so far north as Oak Island to deposit treasure?

Furthermore, why should pirates expend the time and energy that must have been lavished upon this unique undertaking at Oak Island? Pirates who buried treasure usually intended to come back and get it soon. Whoever buried the treasure at Oak Island apparently had no thought of returning to claim his gold during his own lifetime. The protective and secretive work was planned to last for generations, at least.

It is fairly important that one have some notion of the approximate date of the laying down of the treasure, if one is to make any plausible speculation upon the probable identity of those who put away the gold so carefully.

How I wish I knew whether there was a ship's block, or pulley, hanging on that oak limb when Vaughan and Smith and McInnies first sighted the treasure place in 1795! That would tell something. It is my belief that the treasure is of much more ancient origin than any of the treasure-seekers have ever supposed. We know only that it was there in 1795, and apparently had been there for a great many years.

Put forward as a possible clue to the age of the treasure works are the circumstances that persons working or idling in the vicinity of the treasure pit have picked up a stone whistle, such as was used by boatswains in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and a coin of uncertain origin and nationality, bearing the date 1301. These might indicate something concerning the persons who hid the treasure, and again they might have been dropped by much later visitors to the island.

HAVING, it seems to me, eliminated the pirates, as we know them, from the equation, I put forward as a tentative and fairly plausible theory the supposition that the treasure may have been hidden thus by a Norse colony, somewhere between, let us say, the birth of Christ and the year 1400. These would be extreme dates, and my best guess, based upon extensive study of the Norse and Icelandic sagas and other records of Scandinavian exploration and settlement, would place the date close to 1200 A.D., or between that date and 1300.

If there was a ship's block, or any kind of wheel pulley, hanging on the limb when the three young men arrived upon the scene, my theory is not so very strong. It is barely possible that the Norsemen may have known about the block and tackle system of hoisting as early as 1200

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or 1300, but it is only a bare possibility, and I discard it, partly because it doesn't fit in very well with my theory, and partly because the evidence that it ever hung on the oak limb is extremely thin.

THE story of the Icelandic and Norse settlements along the coast of North America is a long one, and I can't go into it here. But I feel reasonably certain, along with many men who are much more reliable authorities than I, that there was a very early settlement somewhere on the western coast of Nova Scotia. It seems probable and even likely, that there may have been one on Mahone Bay.

Such a colony may have flourished, isolated from the entire northern and eastern world, for four or five hundred years. It might have become a wealthy and somewhat cultured state in that time. For some reason, the Scandinavian colonies disappeared, leaving hardly any traces of their existence. I think the causes of their disappearance were usually two; influenza epidemic and attacks by the natives.

I picture an old and flourishing Norse colony, grown older than the United States now is, but not very populous, due to recurrent epidemics and the circumstance that there was only a shipload or two of white settlers in the beginning. The colony is wiped out at last by sickness. The last survivors retreat to Oak Island, and, while holding off the natives, plan to take to the sea in their only ship when their number has been sufficiently reduced to make such a move necessary and possible. They busy themselves during the last days — perhaps years — in the construction of a safe and everlasting repository for the state treasure and the things they all have loved and cherished, since they cannot take much besides food and clothing with them on their ship.

THE Norse were always engineers. They liked to build ditches and shafts and tunnels and underground works. To this day the Scandinavians are among the world's best engineers.

What happened? Well, the work was completed, and the last survivors finally sailed away — and, let us say, their ship perished in a storm.

A far-fetched theory?

I admit it. See if you can do better and fetch the theory less far. And don't neglect to account for the isolated grove of live oaks, so far from the native habitat of that tree, the growth of red clover, and the presence of the tropical fibrous material!

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Can Intellectual Women Live Happily?

By Walter B. Pitkin

Analyzing the possible future for nearly a million superior women who can't find contentment in maternity and are denied other outlets

"I wish I were a little gold digger. I'd get a lot more out of life."

These words were spoken with bitterness by a thirty-eight-year-old woman who has been earning around eight thousand a year in Chicago as an advertising specialist.

"If I were only a man, I'd be a hundred times happier."

This from a woman of forty-five who looks back on a hard struggle and half-defeat as a physician in a Missouri town.

"My scrubwoman is happier than I am."

This complaint from a New York lawyer, a keen woman nearing fifty, who, although she has succeeded financially, is sour with many disillusionments.

Are these freak cases? So far as I can judge from the hundreds of intellectual women whose careers I have followed from college onward, no. All too typical, I'd say. A census of the unhappy would show relatively more of their kind than of any other. And the question arises, why is this so? The answer may surprise you as it surprised me when I first came upon it.

We mean, by the intellectual woman, one who could graduate from one of our best colleges. Thousands have not, of course; but we include them, inasmuch as their troubles are often greater than those of the college graduates.

How many fine minds are there in female bodies? We know pretty accurately now. For the kind of mind that does well in college studies has been exhaustively tested. There are at least three hundred thousand women who, if they had the chance, could sail through Wellesley or Vassar with honors. And about six hundred thousand more who could struggle through with hard study and long hours. Total, some nine hundred thousand, in this sizable country of ours.

This represents all age groups between twenty-two and sixty-five

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years. We select these simply because the period of active work lies somewhere between these limits in most activities which require superior minds. Under twenty-two years there is little chance for using superior intelligence on a job, and after sixty-five it doesn't matter much. Happiness isn't a problem of childhood or old age.

How can these nine hundred thousand women find happiness? How can they find contentment, if happiness is beyond them? This is one of the most important questions today. If the best of us miss the best of life, while the inferior get it, surely something is rotten in the state of modern civilization!

To be happy, what must you do? Find in the real world some pleasant outlet for your strongest urges. Use your dominant traits — whatever they happen to be — in the business of living. Not in a dream world! And not in any other form of pretense!

HAPPINESS is self-realization. If you have the deftest hand and eye in Christendom, you may find happiness in becoming a great billiard player. If you have the thickest muscles outside of the gorilla gang, you become happy by wrestling. If you can sing like heaven's lark, you find your destiny in singing. And if you have an excellent mind that likes to think out things and investigate causes and study odd trends in man and nature, why then you find your happiness in using it. And not on something silly or useless! You truly use it only when you employ it to some purpose.

There are only three ways a woman can spend her life. She may do nothing and call it leisure, while other people call it loafing. Or she may work, either for profit or for pleasure or — in some rare and wonderful instances — for both. Or finally she may bear children and devote her years to them.

WHAT if she loafs? This sounds like a merry life. But it is hell. And how many rich women know this, to their sorrow! Pity the poor she-bum who has money enough to do nothing! She lives in a vacuum and either becomes a vacuum herself or else ends up a neurotic, whimpering her days away, hanging around her favorite doctor, sleeping badly, worrying, and wishing she were dead — which she might better be. No career here! And no happiness!

Any woman with even half a mind soon rebels against this hideous existence. Probably half of the widespread unrest among the better classes of American wives is an effort to escape the horrors of Useless Leisure. Were they morons, they might be happy doing nothing above their ears. But being equipped with better than average minds, the emptiness of their days drives them to distraction.

Thousands of these poor creatures invent fake interests for themselves. They go through the motions of intellectual activities, such as rushing to lectures, writing essays to read at club meetings, or organizing reforms and uplift movements. They excite themselves thus. They kill time. But do they become happy? Not once in a thousand times. Their motors are racing as they idle. They get all hot and bothered, but don't

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advance one inch on the road toward self-realization.

Suppose our intellectual woman turns to work? Can she find happiness there? Now we come to a startling situation, which hasn't been realized.

The intellectual woman's chances of finding work that will exercise pleasantly her superior mind are growing smaller every year. And not because of the sex antagonism of men but simply because such jobs are growing scarcer for everybody.

ALMOST every business and profession is becoming so beautifully organized and managed that, out of every hundred employees, fewer and fewer of the best minds are needed to supervise the others and to carry on special tasks. Great executives have learned that a business is best run when no man in it is put to work at a task which somebody less clever or less dexterous than he could do equally well. Why so? Because a man who is too big for his job or too swift of mind or hand for it becomes dissatisfied or else his mind wanders from the work and he botches things.

A generation ago nobody imagined that a man could be too good or too big for his job. Our fathers supposed that, the better any man was, the better workman he would be in any capacity.

"Go to college, my boy," an old Scotch manufacturer told me forty years ago. "Maybe you won't be a millionaire for having studied so much, but you will be a much better bricklayer, a much better locomotive engineer, a much better worker at whatever you find to do."

Personnel managers and vocational psychologists know this is nonsense. Each job determines its worker. The worker never determines the job. This discovery is becoming a menace to the superior woman, no less than to the superior man.

I have been surveying all the important vocations, to find openings for our best college graduates. The findings cannot be fully told here, but this much can be said: *In all the professions, in all the arts and crafts, in all lines of business and industry, in teaching and in scientific research combined there can be found not more than fifty or sixty thousand jobs which intellectual women might ever hope to fill and which at the same time would measure up to their intellectual abilities.*

IN BANKING there are between 2,500 and 7,500 jobs that demand superior mentality; of these women could never get more than 400 or 500, because of the nature of the work. In engineering there may be openings for 300 or 400 women with big minds, but I doubt it. In law it is conceivable that, some day in this century, there may be 2,000 opportunities; but I shall not live to see it. In journalism I cannot find more than 2,000 openings, and I find these only on the wild assumption that women will buy and operate half of the small newspapers in the country. In the arts there are no openings for superior minds, male or female; for art requires other abilities and is likely to become cramped in style by too big brains. All the arts build on feelings, on perceptions, and on creative fancy. But a superior mind need not have these traits in high degree. Clever women often try their hand at some art, only to discover

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that intelligence is one thing and artistry quite another.

In school teaching very few intellectual women can be contented, for eternal repetition of the three R's does not use a superior mind. In a few high school and college courses we can find fair opportunities for possibly 10,000 to 12,000 such women. Probably the opportunities here will dwindle somewhat, as the public insists more and more firmly on having about an equal number of men and women teachers in high schools and colleges. Our schools have too many women now in charge. The unbalance will surely be corrected, and to the disadvantage of the intellectual woman.

Some day the openings in scientific research may reach 10,000; but I wouldn't care to wager more than a very cheap hat on it. Why not? Chiefly because most research calls for exceptional skill in mathematics, and few women possess this — any more than they possess high creative ability in most of the arts. Then too, few women enjoy the peculiar monotony and narrowness of a laboratory career. Far more men prefer its narrowness and isolation from society. Even if openings were available, then, I doubt whether many women would seize them.

How about Government service? Alas, how dismal it is for superior people of any sort! Survey the whole field, from the United States Senate down to the common council of the smallest city, and you will not be able to find 10,000 openings suited to high intellect. Indeed, I think there are not 5,000. A pretty careful check of all Federal posts failed to reveal more than 4,710, which we must suppose might be filled equally by men and women.

Medicine is a hopeless field for women. Not because it does not require high intelligence but rather because high intelligence is only one of a score of exceptional traits required of the modern physician and surgeon. Not one superior mind, male or female, in 250 can qualify here. Medical standards are swiftly rising in most States. Within a decade or two it will be impossible for more than 5,000 or 6,000 superior women to find happiness in the career of an M. D., even if they possess all the traits required.

How about business? Well, few superior minds are needed there. Far fewer than has been supposed. Many careful studies show that striking success in almost every commercial position is attained as easily by people of average or slightly better than average intelligence as by superior minds. So the latter find themselves in hopeless competition against hordes who will be happier in this field because it more fully absorbs their abilities. It has long been known that the best college graduates shun business. Now we know why. Few business jobs call for the peculiar abilities of an intellectual. They demand many other traits, some of which are quite as worthy and rare as a good mind. Personality, for instance. Ambition. Social sense. Tact. Precious qualities in mankind, these! But not a part of intelligence, in the academic sense.

I have never yet met a woman of the highest mental type who has admitted she was either happy or

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fairly contented in a business job. If some reader has, I'd like to be introduced — just for the novelty of it.

If we omit from the list school teaching, we find that between 1910 and 1920 there was an increase of only 26,834 women in the fifteen chief professional fields. See the United States Census for this fact. Does this indicate a great advance of feminism? Does it prove that women are surging into the highest fields of men's work? On the contrary! It proves that intellectual women are not even holding their own. For in the same ten years, the number of such women between twenty-two and sixty-five years of age increased by about 130,000! *For every newcomer who found work in a superior professional field there were four who did not. And this too on the assumption that all those who swelled the ranks of professional women were newcomers too young to have been counted in the 1910 census.* (Of course this is a false assumption.)

WHY do not more find their happiness in such work? Because the work is not there for them to do! In the United States today you cannot find 250,000 jobs which can pleasantly exercise the wits of the 1,800,000 superior men and women between twenty-two and sixty-five years whose minds equal or excel that of a typical college graduate. Do you doubt this? Then run your eye down the list of occupations in the United States Census. If you can find many more, you will surprise every statistician who has worked on the question.

Suppose now that women some day get half of all the 250,000 suitable jobs, leaving the rest to mere men. They will fill 125,000. There will then remain 775,000 unemployed women, all as clever as a Bryn Mawr A. B., all in the prime of life, all aflame with the healthy human's craving to attain happiness.

To what can they turn?

They can't loaf, they can't work. So they must turn to motherhood — or else give up the whole game. If to motherhood, what chance of happiness?

AS WE consider this question, keep in mind that we are talking about that higher happiness which comes only from some activity which engages the mind pleasantly up to the limit of its normal abilities. In people of lower intelligence, mental work counts for less; they have an easier time finding themselves and becoming agreeably absorbed in things. Not so with these intellectual women!

Now, does motherhood offer continuous employment for a first-class mind? Can it fill enough of a woman's life so that she will not become restless and bored? And finally, if women were to take motherhood as seriously as some of them take poultry raising, batik daubing, and brassieres, what are the long-range consequences likely to be? Some of these are easy questions. But the last is distressingly hard.

Raising children requires, for its proper fulfilment, more intelligence than any other task which the human race is ever called upon to do. In fact, this is its chief trouble: millions of mothers fall down on the job because they lack the brains it calls for. And the chief reason the

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human race has been so slow in rising from savagery is the stupidity of most mothers. Less heat and more light is wanted in this profession.

But highly intelligent women have long been avoiding it because they appreciate, far more clearly than their dumber sisters do, the enormous difficulties of managing children so that they develop the best that is in them. To succeed as a mother, a woman must have not only a superior brain but also a superior body. She must endure irregular hours and loss of sleep, must combine patience with firmness, must be able to play and work strenuously, serve now as nurse-girl, now as mentor, now as policewoman, now as private detective, now as athletic director, now as cook, now as housemaid, now as doctor, now as psychologist — and all of this on every day from the birth of her firstling to the tearful hour when she has married off the youngest.

To direct and train a personality is a high adventure in all the applied sciences. Nobody knows quite how to do it. Experiments without end are needed. Observations must be added to observations. And, perhaps after a century or two, parenthood will become scientific. Eventually it will be the greatest, as well as the hardest, of the sciences. To master physics is mere child's play beside raising one child. And Mr. Einstein's relativity is a dabbler's hobby when you set it over against raising a family.

If any woman of sound body seeks a career in which she will be sure to employ her high mentality more intensively than ever at college, let her raise four or five children. I don't mean *bearing* children; I mean *raising* them. Any able-bodied animal of the right sex can bear young; that is nothing to brag about. But to guide and mold her young so that they attain the best that is in them — there's the intellectual stunt that makes Byrd's jaunt to the South Pole look like a Sunday School picnic.

You hear intellectual women say: "I ought to devote my highest abilities to politics or to social reform. In that way I can help the world progress toward a higher and finer civilization."

A mere man must snicker rudely at such talk. Politics and social reform are ineffective while the world has so many low-grade people in it. We cannot feed all of them rat poison and refuse to be convinced that they ought to retire from the human race. So the next best thing we can do is to breed more high-grade people to offset the inferior.

Education does not make high-grade people. Only chromosomes, aided by training, can do that. Superior parents come first, a superior home upbringing comes second.

Do our superior women really want to improve the world? Let the 125,000 who may find happiness in a downtown job go that way. Then let the other 775,000 breed and bring up an average of four children each. Let these women use their brains in selecting men of their own quality or better. Let them raise their children with the idea of doing likewise. Within three generations we should have a superior race of perhaps 15,000,000

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and surely 10,000,000. It could rule the world!

But —

How many of our superior women have the physique to raise four children? Few, I fear, if what the doctors tell me is correct. Nature is playing strange pranks with the bodies that carry around best minds. Healthy enough for ordinary living, these women of intellect seem to be overwhelmed mentally if not physically by the labor of raising children. And this nervous incapacity probably reflects some obscure bodily incapacity.

IT WOULD be easier, of course, if the intellectual woman had plenty of money for servants and governesses. But this rarely happens. Look at the significant replies to the inquiry which Dr. Ethel Puffer Howes conducted for Smith College some two years ago. Ten thousand women graduates were asked, among other things, whether they managed to keep up their intellectual interests while raising children and managing their homes. Hundreds of the women testified that home making exhausted them physically, while other hundreds said that children wore them out with their incessant demands, questions, and little tragedies. They found the sheer horsepower and drudgery of the job thwarting their mental life.

Rare indeed is the woman of high intelligence who can stand the gaff of prolonged motherhood and home making, on small income.

Of the 775,000 who seek happiness outside of business and the professions, probably not more than 100,000 or so are built ideally for raising four or five children.

What can the 675,000 turn to for a happy life? No jobs, no motherhood (save perhaps in a limited fashion, raising one babe and filling in a few years over him). Loafing is deadly. How then occupy their lively minds? How avoid boredom and despair?

I DON'T want to be a calamity howler. That is a dull vocation at best, after the first few yelps. But for the life of me I cannot find an escape for these mentally maladjusted. It is useless to advise them to throw themselves into any sort of activity. That might save them from lunacy, but it wouldn't make them happy. And it is beside the point to say that they ought to earn a living and seek happiness there. Happiness has nothing to do with earning a living. If it did, every man who makes eight dollars a day affixing Nut No. 664X to Bolt No. 9823Y in an automobile factory would be happier than Goethe, who declared, when eighty, that he had never known two weeks of happiness in all his life.

Some doctors poke fun at these restless women, these neurotics, these pursuers of psychoanalysts and swamis. The rest of us like to scold the creatures. We tell them in our wisdom that they imagine their troubles, that they ought to get busy and find a real interest in life. We call them shallow, silly, drifting. . . .

But the trouble is far deeper.

Do you see something at which they can use their keen minds all life long?

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Let's Have a Hobby

By Stanley Jones

As addicts of scrambled omniscience, and for lack of one small garden all our own, we Americans come to the end of life as if we had never lived

My friend Peyton is not distinguished for culture, talent, or breadth of mind. He frequently abandons his spoon in his coffee cup. He inclines to monologue, in a loud and dramatic fashion. But I have noticed this: when Peyton becomes one of a group — regardless of age, sex, or previous condition of servitude — he invariably becomes its core. And always through talking about one and the same subject. Peyton, be it known, is the greatest salt water man, year in, year out, that ever trod the deck of the 5.15 to White Plains. The sea is his passion, high, wide, and holy.

"I was reading last night," he will announce, apropos of nothing, "about a young fellow who used to be the strongest man of his time at Oxford. He could bend a shilling between his fingers, and he wasn't Scotch, either. No haberdasher in the world had a collar large enough for him. Well, sir, he shipped before the mast, went off around the Horn in a windjammer. He went aloft in a hurricane, that bird, and he clewed the mains'l — hanging over eternity for two hours — while the whole damn' crew alternately prayed and swore!"

His audience perks up a bit. The world loves enthusiasm, and most of us are quick to distinguish between the genuine and the spurious. Peyton's is the real thing. That is why he commands interest even from female neighbors who have simply dropped in to talk bulbs and babies with his wife. Before they know it, their high heels are clicking precariously on holystoned decks. They may shudder, now and then, but they like it. They like to see one person who has made one thing, aside from his business, into an absorbing province all his own.

It occurs to me to wonder idly why we have not more Peytons among us: more men who realize that we cannot make ourselves masters in all fields and that such efforts, exacting heavy toll of Time, must fail to pan out the golden smattering of happiness sought. I believe that the roots of our scattered strivings run deeper than the topsoil of feverish industrial competition so characteristic of the day — a competition so

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demanding as to lend suspicion to hours otherwise invested, and so largely material in its standards of success as to distort other values infinitely worth while.

PERHAPS our national inheritance is largely accountable. Sociologists tell us that we are twenty per cent parents, eighty per cent ancestors. Certainly our ancestors, in order to subsist at all, were forced to do a great many things which are unnecessary in our mechanized lives. They were pioneers and restless pushers-on, indefatigable in the effort to carve out homes from a sullen, if beautiful world. Of spare time they had little. It is inconceivable that they could have built up any tradition of leisure such as had graceful and valuable place in Europe long before Columbus spread his sails. They have bequeathed us, instead, a tradition for work which has inevitably shaped our hours for relaxation. So ingrained is this passion for getting things done in a hurry that we have become unable to escape it after hours. We rush furiously into trivial excitements, or launch into self-conscious flights of self-improvement. Of serene and unhurried absorption in some natural enthusiasm — for its own sake alone — we have all too little. In fact, we tend to look upon such spiritual pauses in our lives with either scorn or distrust.

I know a man who has worked his way to the presidency of one of our largest banking houses. He is a wizard of organization, and it has paid him commensurately. Yet I have noticed that he never seems able to clear his vast mahogany desk of papers. There are always a few left, even after closing time. I asked him about it once.

"Oh, those," he said, and touched the nearest batch with an embarrassed smile. "Those are just for appearance's sake."

"What do you mean by that?" I inquired, puzzled.

"I mean — here, have a cigar, won't you? — I mean I sort of hate to have callers come in and catch me twiddling my thumbs or looking out of the window. Silly, isn't it?"

I thought it was. Here was one who had spent his life in building a great business. Presumably for the joy of the work, the material comforts and ease which should justly derive therefrom. And one of the foremost, to my mind, should have been the right to twiddle his thumbs, or look out the window to his heart's content whenever he felt like it. Yet he was secretly timid of being regarded as "getting soft", or letting down on the job, by persons whose opinion could affect him in no wise whatsoever. The notion is amusing, yet not without pathos — a notion which would be frankly incomprehensible to a European of the same relative circumstances.

WITH us, it has become a fetish to be forever busy, so that even our time off has had to seek a sort of apology as another line of business. It is for this reason that the flood of culture-capsules has been received with open mouths. We have developed a mania for trying to digest the knowledge of the world in two-volume gulps. We nourish a secret unholy passion — if we can credit those shrewd signs of the times, the

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advertising pages — to astound our acquaintances by addressing some Greek waiter in fluent, six-lesson French. We pant to amaze social gatherings by shouting the names of philosophers and garbled snatches of their thought as proof of a triumphant erudition. And in the tag-ends of our spare time, we rush to the attic and practise the saxophone, or public speaking, or personal magnetism, in order to achieve social acclaim.

Now these pursuits, honestly undertaken, are quite all right. It is something, God knows, to discover that one has a mind capable of mastering the most precise yet beautiful tongue known to man. To some, it is creditable and natural, this yearning to turn over the most profound reflections of other civilizations. It is even somehow worthy to conquer the sobbing saxophone. These are all legitimate avocations demanding time, concentration, and at least a certain amount of cranial capacity. But we — and I speak not of the exceptional man, but of Americans as a race — do not pursue them furiously for their own sweet sake. And therein lies the shame.

My friend Peyton, shrewd cynic in regard to the aspirations of his fellow men, sees it thus: "How many of us want to be wise because wisdom is the most gracious fruit of life? One out of a hundred! The rest of us just want a shiny, plausible lacquer of facts and figures, acquired as efficiently and painlessly as possible."

This, if true, is a revealing indictment of our cultural standards. We are lacking in the sympathy and persistence to master any small part of the whole with the selfless joy which any beautiful thing merits by the very fact of its existence.

In no field, perhaps, does our restless combing of the universe in search of the bluebird appear more fruitless than in the disuse of conversation. Save in rare instances, we will go to almost any lengths in order to avoid it. Witness the radio, the queues before inane movies, the steady schedule of bridge, the eagerness of inherently intelligent people to drink and become determinedly gay and abysmally boring to those who do not. One must conclude that our idea of diversion is largely visual and auditory. Anything, it seems, to insulate the light and easy play of thoroughly capable minds from themes common to humanity.

Our urban restlessness, our acquired impatience with any passive state for more than a few moments, is responsible. Good talk is not born with the desire for it. Good talk is largely a matter of mood, of atmosphere. Among its chief requirements is a sense of unhurried ease. But we tend to shrink from any surcease of physical activity — unless it be for trivial games or frantic self-improvement — as a rather terrifying interval fraught with the perils of dullness.

Even in the men's clubs — those dignified strongholds of peace and quiet — a rather deadly standardization of topics prevails. With a few notable exceptions (avowedly devoted to the arts and broadened by an international infusion of members) the talk seldom soars beyond the

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boundaries of stocks, sports, bridge, women, and politics. This may sound unduly pessimistic, but it checks with thoughtful observers in a representative group. Interesting reminiscence there is, in plenty, yet too frequently without pertinence of any sort. Even in the field of politics, which is to say, the whole broad earth, our passion for personalities, rather than principles, is exemplified to a disheartening degree. Truly do we live by the minute — nourished by headlines, thrilled by the hero of the last edition, more susceptible to the spell of pointless rhetoric and blatant half-truths than any other civilized nation that ever existed.

Good conversation, to continue, is the fruit of sound thought and sprightly imagination. I am persuaded that our mistrust, our downright fear, of the detached solitude which induces the former is to blame for its replacement by unexamined prejudices and catch-words of the hour. Sound opinion is not generated over night. It is not dependent on the values of the day, the week, or the year. We do not really achieve it unless we consider the subject in its relation to similar events or conditions of the past. And unless we have taken the time and the patience to acquire some knowledge of what has been thought and done, our opinions are of no great consequence to thoughtful persons. This, again, reverts to the national reluctance to so invest any appreciable share of our spare time.

Everyone, I am sure, is familiar with the other aspect of contemporary talk. If a topic is not immediately slapjacked into oblivion for fear of its assuming the bugaboo of solemnity, it is all too apt to become bogged in the marsh of self-consciousness. This is equally reprehensible — and more wearing — than the prevalent practice of dismissing a subject with a few flip smacks on the seat of its trousers as it circles a group on its way to the door. If we lay aside our slapstick, it is generally in favor of the machined, deliberate business of talking music, or books, or theatre because we feel we owe it to ourselves, our guests, or our hosts. The fact that such obligatory pronouncements smother spontaneity, which is the breath of conversational life, does not seem to deter us.

Dimly aware of this unhappy condition, but apparently powerless to better it, we struggle grimly on, while the golden strand lying somewhere between the poles of stuffed-shirt gravity and arrant nonsense remains unpeopled save for a few rare souls. We are "passing up" one of the most civilized forms of human relationship: the unhurried interplay of mind and mood.

As a race, we lack a sense of age, and the realization that lasting things of the mind and spirit cannot be achieved overnight. This is, paradoxically enough, at once our source of power and weakness. The intense energy and capacity for organization which have made us leaders, have made our development one sided. We know how to squeeze the ultimate drop from the business day. But for the countless hours which open their arms from five-thirty on — that is quite another matter. Unused to such gracious prospect,

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both by tradition and habit, we carry over the serious drive of the business day into the world of our pleasure, and wonder — occasionally — why the yearly balance sheet fails to show the steady, substantial increase which renders the books of our business so satisfying.

THE consequences are reflected frequently through the mirror of the daily paper. By some unlucky chance, a prominent figure in one field is suddenly thrust into headline importance in another. Out of the one line with which he is thoroughly familiar, he presently reveals himself as a supreme and voluble ignoramus in almost every other. We hoot at him, partly because it serves to allay any secret doubts which we may have harbored as to our own appalling ignorance, and also because we delight in busting the idol of ten minutes ago on the nose. Our interest, as I have said, is primarily in the figure of the moment. But even as we deride our floundering idol, we fail to realize that we, as individuals, are striving to spread-eagle the same impossible field. Only good luck, and the fact that our separate genius is insufficient to render us first-page copy, saves us from cutting an even more graceless figure than the current unfortunate in the pillory.

As a body politic, we are too gregarious, too crowd-conscious, for our own spiritual development. Quick to applaud worthy achievement in others, we are disinclined to emulate where the effort involves thoughtful seclusion and the doing of a thing for its own sake. The national eye is forever turning outward, instead of inward.

"What," we incline to whisper to our inner, confidential selves, "what's this thing going to get us? More salary? New commendation? Increased prestige?"

This state of mind, largely subconscious, is the fruit of our cultural standards and our passion for haste. It is unflattering, and possibly not so prevalent as I am led to believe. But that it is largely existent, and among our educated, intelligent people, no honest observer would attempt to deny. The penchant for scrambled omniscience, for being "up to the minute" in every avenue of life, both serious and trivial, is making us a race of skimmers. And the harder we skim, the less cream do we get.

I CHERISH the conviction, nevertheless, that we are on the road to seeing more Peytons. Perhaps because I have fallen into the habit of looking for them, perhaps because they achieve subtle individuality, however inconspicuous. Men and women are discovering unsuspected gold mines in the intelligent pursuit of one worth while hobby. These are men and women to whom Time is truly the most precious metal, not to be endlessly frittered away, or forged into machines which shall exact tribute, but blown instead into lovely images of thought and honest enthusiasm.

Several friends come to mind who have the secret. Waring has brought to light a native enjoyment in designing small houses. It has no possible connection with his successful insurance business. His talent is de-

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veloping, but he will never be good enough to make it his work. Yet Waring is fascinated by the recurrent mysteries of joists, and keystones, and the harmonious assembling of details.

BURRAGE has the secret and is still in his twenties. Many and many a night, when the bank has closed its bronze door, you will find Burrage hurrying home to his absorbing pursuit of ancient drinking songs. I suspect, though he would deny it, that he is compiling them for posterity. He is by way of achieving a modest name as an authority.

Clarke, too, has the secret. He still, on occasion, acts the genial ringmaster for a rowdy group of an evening. But his inquiring mind is drawn more and more from Certified Public Accounting to examine the underlying causes which split these States from the mother country.

Nordell, the broker, is deriving infinite fun from the painful carving of museum designs on chests which he hopes will be every whit as Florentine as their prototypes. Tate, the advertising spellbinder, sniffs with houndlike eagerness in out-of-the-way shops for Albany flasks and authentic Stiegel glass.

Some of these men, as you may surmise, are rather apt to seize your polite inquiries as an opportunity for talking your ear off. Enthusiasm has its exactions as well as its spontaneous freshness in a world become too casual. But give them credit for having an honest eagerness for something worth while in its own right. They have rediscovered the vanishing art of investing overtime with a sense of the significant.

Each one of us, I am persuaded, has some fascinating possibility unrealized. If we would but take time out, of an evening, or a whole stretch of evenings, we might search our characters and bring it to light. It will probably not result in any creative outpouring which will bring jealous shivers to the ghost of Will Shakespeare. It will almost certainly fail to rock Michael Angelo, Joshua Reynolds, or Papa Bach from their pedestals. But this it may achieve, almost beyond doubt: it may appease that vague inner craving to do something immutably our own, to make something that will say to us, "I am yours — without you, I should not even exist."

WE HAVE a tendency, before our friends, to patronize the Peytons. To scoff indulgently at their strayings from the paths of our standardized diversions. Yet I suspect that — in our hearts — we are a trifle envious. For now and again, the suspicion intrudes that they have found something which we crave, however blindly, yet shrink from. The haunting suspicion, in our rare pauses from the breathlessness of life, that they have cultivated one small and lovely garden in their lives. One small garden — forever blooming, securely walled off from the jealous crowding interests which would reduce its serene peacefulness to the same spiritual barrenness of the vast surrounding spaces.

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Jonathan Edwards and the Gunman

By Struthers Burt

Are we becoming the most immoral nation in the world? Seeing signs that we are, Mr. Burt brings his novelist's mind to bear on the causes

The statement I make is a broad one, difficult of proof, but I have the impression, and a good many other Americans have too, that today in the United States we are producing a type of crime and criminal, in numbers and with an appalling regularity never before witnessed in the history of the world. This opinion, I daresay, is an exaggerated one, but none the less at moments I am oppressed with an uneasy sense that all respectable citizens are sitting on the thin crust of a volcano of curiously cold-blooded criminal brutality, matched by an equally cold-blooded brutality on the part of the police. Crime has always been with us and will be with us for a long time to come, but there is about the sort of crime I have in mind a high degree of intelligence and a low degree of sensibility that set it apart, making it essentially demoniac, bewitched, because it turns white into black and black into white; upsetting rules, the general validity of which we know to be sound. That is the real sign of the devil, the ultimate description of the Black Mass — to make the normal abnormal and confuse the point of view of those seeking some solution for the embroglio of life.

For instance, most experienced men and women will subscribe to the doctrine that, on the whole, a good fool is more dangerous than an intelligent rogue, a doctrine based on the assumption that where there is intelligence there is also some final point where an appeal can be made to it. A similar doctrine is that real goodness is almost invariably the result of intelligence. And so on until we reach environment and what seems the fairly reasonable conclusion that if you give men decent upbringing and some degree of education, for the most part they will be better men.

But it is hardly possible at present to open a daily newspaper without finding such theories contradicted. From mass hold-ups to crimes of passion we find an adroitness and

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rationality of planning and execution coupled with an inhuman lack of responsibility and a subsequent absence of the sense of guilt, that bear no relationship to the human mind as we know it. The old-fashioned expert crook, who never carried a weapon lest he hurt somebody and so be punished for it, seems an angel of gentleness and good sense beside these wives, husbands, lovers, mistresses, hold-up men, bootleggers, gunmen and racketeers who "bump someone off," to use the current phrase, or "take someone for a ride," to use a still newer phrase, and then wipe their well manicured hands on a silk handkerchief.

IT IS possible to imagine a man killing his wife, or a wife her husband, although in either case to the normal person, however wrought upon, such enterprises at best must be unpleasant, and entered upon with at least some regret. But within the last ten years this country has witnessed numerous apparently amiable young women who have gaily "beaned" their unfortunate life companions and then hurried off to bridge or some other social gathering where, as in one notorious case, they have been "the life of the party." The old reliance of the male on the supposed greater tenderness of the female and her horror of violence, save in exceptional cases, is beginning to look as if it had been misplaced. Even more dreadful than the gunmen who commit the actual crime are those carefully appointed damsels who lure the victim into a waiting automobile and distract his mind until the fatal shot is fired. What are their thoughts, if any?

A murderess, after having killed her sleeping husband with a sash-weight, issued bulletins from her cell protesting against the harshness of the law, principally on the ground that she was young and "loved life." It did not seem to occur to her that her husband had not been much older and, in his own quaint way, had probably loved life, too. There is a quality about such psychology that adds a third and final gruesomeness to a crime and its expiation; that adds a Pelion of modern abnormality to an Ossa of ancient savagery.

Prepossessing and well-educated youths who suddenly decide to dissect a little boy or girl are becoming so common that they turn up with the regularity of national holidays. A raucous bootlegger kills his wife and is wept over by a jury which releases him. He announces that in some way or other his crime is a symbol of his revolt against Prohibition and, whenever the mood takes him, sends out communiques as to his attitude toward all important questions, including the choice of a President.

ACCOMPANYING the rise of the criminal classes, is an increase in the ruthlessness and criminality of those forces supposed to put crime down. Some of us can remember the time when you were supposed to go to the police for protection and advice. Today, the average citizen, assaulted by gunmen, is inclined to avoid the police on the theory that it is better "to let well enough alone."

I have touched on only the high spots, and have not mentioned the dreary daily pabulum of what might be called low-blood-pressure crime.

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And in taking up crime first I have touched upon only the dramatic and obvious side of the problem. The problem is the state of mind of the average present day American. I am not gloomy and I am by no means a pessimist. I believe that the average present day American is a more intelligent man, more broad-minded, than his forefathers. Nor am I so foolish as to imagine that most American vices are confined to America alone. Virtues and vices are international. But back of these international virtues and vices there is usually a national point of view which is individual. It seems to me that the good American is losing his capacity for righteous indignation, and that the bad American has lost his reactions until they have almost ceased to exist. As if there were, that is, a certain moral amnesia peculiar to America.

AMERICA seems to be the only country where young women have in many cases completely lost the scruples that restrained their parents. As an elaboration of what I mean I refer you to that classic satire *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, the inner meaning of which was apparently wasted on the majority of American readers.

Now I am not much for righteous indignation, unless it be used with discretion. That of a Cotton Mather, for instance, does not appeal to me. Righteous indignation is like a sizeable temper — the man or woman constantly giving way to either is a nuisance and a danger, but the man or woman incapable of either is a moral and temperamental eunuch. A temper, a capacity for righteous indignation, are merely symptoms of perspective and a point of view, and however cosmopolitan and tolerant you may be, if these cannot be offended, then you do not possess them. They are like a sense of humor. Never to laugh at anything shows you have no humor; to laugh at everything, shows the same. To be shocked at nothing is not worldly, it is merely the innocence of the idiot.

And here we come to the crux of the question.

UNLESS you have some sense of reality, to wit, some sense of proportion, some sense of the incongruous, you cannot be a really good or moral man; certainly you cannot be a sensible or constructive one. If you are a church-goer you are likely to become a fanatic; if you are a banker you are likely to become a venal and cynical one; if you are a crook you will exhibit that strange lack of normal reaction of which I have been complaining. And so I am not a bit sure that America hasn't an excellent chance of becoming before long in addition to her other supremacies, the most immoral nation in existence.

All this cannot be accounted for by changing circumstances. The war, the automobile, increased wealth, the breakdown of conventional religion — all the more common causes assigned, have had their share, but they are contributing causes, not the primary one. You cannot change a nation intrinsically by exterior events, except over a long period of time; any more than you can intrinsically change an individual. In fact, you cannot change an individual at all — his life isn't long enough.

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You can change, possibly, his son or grandson by working upon the man in question, but you cannot alter *au fond* the man himself. All the Darwins in the world cannot destroy the religion of a man, unless that man is ripe for the destruction of his religion. As a proof of this, science has merely strengthened the real religion of the really religious man; merely increased his sense of wonder. War cannot change completely a man unless he is the sort of man war changes. Drink does not make the drunkard; the drunkard makes drunkenness, and what makes the drunkard is a maladjustment in the lives of his ancestors. So if you want to find out what the real trouble is with a man or a nation, you have to go back into their inheritances, their traditions and their ancestral circumstances. I wish it were possible to do that here, otherwise than briefly. Glance, for a moment, at the history of the United States. Nor is this one of the ordinary, at present very popular, attacks upon the Puritan influence in American life. As a frontier people, for our material expansion, the Puritan influence was invaluable. I merely want to point out that nowadays it is fatal to us. The armor of a Roundhead soldier served its purpose well; it would hamper a modern business man.

To begin with, then, we are Anglo-Saxons, in theory and inheritance at least, and therefore, inclined to be conventionally and evangelically religious. Again, I am not speaking of real religion. To end with, this country for the most part was founded as a theocracy. But that is not all. Not only was this country founded for the most part as a theocracy, but for a long while there was no check upon this theocracy. Even today there is no effective check.

Not only for a long while were the clergymen the leading citizens of the Colonies, the intellectual and spiritual dictators, but they were the only citizens occupied with the things of the mind and spirit. There was neither an upper class nor an intellectual class to put them back where they belonged. Furthermore, in this respect the date of the founding of this country was unfortunate. The Sixteenth, Seventeenth, and to a lesser extent the first part of the Eighteenth Century saw, in Europe, dogma and theology in the saddle. The early settlers in America arrived just at the height of this tyranny and because of distance and separation, because of the lack, which I have mentioned, of an upper class or an intellectual class, never experienced the ameliorating conditions which, toward the middle of the Eighteenth Century, began to clip the wings of the English parson, the French curé and the German prediger. We were a graft of the old stock, cut just at a time when a certain kind of sap was strongest in us. There were, to be sure, plenty of wise men in the virgin colonies, many of them men of intellect, some of them even men of fine blood and wide experience. But for the most part they were busy with pioneering or politics. They left religion and the things of the mind and spirit to the preachers and the women, and that is where, on the whole, the questions have been left ever since. That is one reason why America is so puzzling to the foreign

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eye; in its work it is so masculine, in its mind it is so feminine.

I have no particular objection to clergymen — if they are kept in their place. Below the mental salt, as it were. But I know, and every other experienced man and woman knows, that useful as he may be in many other respects, the clergyman, unless he is a great cleric, is, by his very profession, unfitted to dictate morally, politically or spiritually to the man or woman having better sources of information. He can inspire, encourage, comfort, or even exhort his flock, but he should not dictate. He is a servant of the Word and of his parish, not a keeper of either — he doesn't know enough. Or at least, he should never be permitted to be a keeper until he has proved himself as fit for his duties, as, let us say, a first class banker is fit, or a first class lawyer. A young man taking a law degree is humble, but the moment some callow theologian leaves a divinity school he supposes himself, and is supposed at once to be endowed with omniscience.

I HAVE no especial complaint to make of the early Puritans. They enjoyed their religion, many of them found it rosy and exciting as Jonathan Edwards did, and the majority, no doubt, practiced it fairly well off and on. My complaint is of the psychological inheritance they have left us and of the lack of wisdom on our part in not realizing what that inheritance is. I believe too much in real religion, am too conscious of man's need for it, not to regret waste of power in this direction, not to realize the fatal results of damming off wrongly, or turning away unsatisfied, humanity's great need in this respect. Also, being an amateur of psychology, I know that the religious instinct, not much less powerful than the sex instinct, will, if perverted, take itself out in terrible ways.

And of all these terrible ways the most terrible is the one I have already mentioned — the loss of emotional reaction. Let us see how this came about.

THE basis of the Puritan psychology is a belief in rigid dogma coupled with the suppression, or if they cannot be suppressed, the denial of alien facts. Incidentally, this also produces the sort of moral Couéism with which we are all familiar. If you say something is so a sufficient number of times, or if you deny something a sufficient number of times, that something either becomes an actuality or else vanishes. It is easy to understand, therefore, the Puritan worship of and reliance upon law. Law is your belief, right or wrong, just or absurd, publicly codified and sanctioned. Hence it must be true and also it must be effectual. Every time it is reprinted or publicly restated it becomes more true and more effective. This, of course, is magic, but the Puritan ideology and magic have always had much in common.

All of this, however, is not especially dangerous emotionally as long as your belief in a particular body of dogma is vivid enough to supply seventy per cent, say, of your emotional needs. You can — as far as you yourself are concerned — allow the other thirty per cent to atrophy, or, if this thirty per cent resists atrophication, you can at least deny it very simply. Martin Luther got

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rid of the devil by throwing an ink bottle at him. Bishop Kimball of the Mormon Church, on a mission in London, was assailed by the devil in the sitting room of his hotel suite. Although painfully lifted by the hair of his head up to the ceiling, the Bishop yet caused the devil to withdraw by a scornful denial of his powers. Unfortunately in complicated periods such as the present, you cannot suppress the devil quite so easily. It is becoming increasingly evident that in order to suppress him at all you have first to understand him a great deal.

But suppose for one reason or another this vivid belief in dogma, sufficient to supply seventy per cent of your emotional needs, disappears, leaving you with, on one hand, an emotional vacuum, and, on the other, a completely atrophied, wrecked or unused set of reactions where all other relationships are concerned? There will be neither vividness in virtue nor sin. Even the gunman will get no "kick" out of murder save by the white, staring highroad of cocaine.

THE four props of Puritan power have been dogma, innocence, where innocence could be imposed, evasion, where innocence was not possible, and hypocrisy for those unable to accept either dogma, innocence or evasion. Historically America, in a moral sense, has, until recently, been divided between deliberately innocent women, evasive parsons, and hypocritical men, the last too busy about their material affairs, or too fearful of punishment, to lift even a finger in protest. Only on the vanishing frontiers has the American, man and woman, too preoccupied with life to bother about other things, ever approached moral maturity. Within the last decade, however, America, like every other land, has found itself unable to resist the wave of realism sweeping the world; the grim search for truth, at all costs, through all means. It — the wave — has found the American singularly unprepared.

EVASION, deliberate or unconscious, and its twin brother hypocrisy, are, I am afraid, the only unforgivable sins, not so much for what they do to other people as for what they do to oneself. They both arise for the most part from a mistaken idea of innocence, and as to innocence, Socrates said the final word when he announced that ignorance was a crime, and Shakespeare added to the final word when he said, "There is no darkness but ignorance," and Sir William Watson, when he said, "Ignorance only is maker of hell." For a five-year-old child to believe that babies are found in cabbages may be charming, but for the young married woman to believe the same theory is horrible, destroying all chances for greatness in physical love. Moreover, it leaves the young married woman with the delusion that titillation, mental or physical, is harmless so long as it never reaches a logical conclusion. For the immature to imagine that there are fairies under toadstools is all right, but for the mature to take out their evasion of reality by playing that there are fairies under toadstools is a sign of an unhealthy state of mind. America has more than her share of mature leaders of

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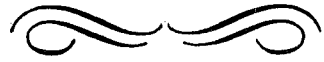
thought playing that there are fairies under toadstools.

The American, trained emotionally in only one direction that is to say, the religio-moral one, and in all other directions trained solely in suppression, evasion or hypocrisy, is less able than most to stand the fierce impact of modern life. He has nothing to fall back on. He can no longer believe in his ancient theological God and he has never believed in human emotions. Since the old God is gone, there is no God at all. He is — at least temporarily — incapable of conceiving of a far lovelier neologic God, a God of beauty, exactness and tolerance; of patient work, of a patient and subtle appreciation of this good, warm, and amazing life. Since babies are not found in cabbages, they are found anywhere — principally in sewers. Since fairies aren't found under toadstools, in the words of the little girl offered spinach, "To hell with it!" No wonder our undergraduates imagine that at the age of twenty they know more about life than Plato ever knew and furthermore believe they know something of which Plato never dreamed, that is that existence holds little for the inquiring mind. No wonder, descending the social and mental scale, that gentlemen think silk shirts more important than human life and ladies are too bored to argue except with pistols.

I am aware, of course, that our leading gunmen and their lady friends are usually Americans of only one generation, but they have come to a country hospitably prepared for them and they eagerly participate in the perverted remnants of Jonathan Edwards's philosophy. Crime never springs up automatically from the soil. There is no such thing as "volunteer" crime. Crime is invariably the distorted reflection of the lives and beliefs of the respectable classes.

Fortunately, however, humanity has never yet allowed itself to be completely killed off, and fortunately, in every period there are numerous persons who, due to God, glands or grandfathers, cannot, even if they will, escape normal reactions or emotions. And, still more fortunately, it is these people who in the end invariably shape their eras and possess the earth.



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Laissez-Faire Harvard

By Poppy Cannon

Explaining why, when presented by William S. Harkness with $11,000,000 for "Collegettes," the undergraduates gave voice not to thanks but hysterical diatribes

Said Papa Harvard to young John Harvard, "See, here's Uncle Harkness! He's got an eleven million dollar gold piece for you and he's going to build some dandy collegettes so all the boys that don't know each other can get acquainted — and be a cross-section of the college, just like one great, big, happy family."

John squinted, set his small jaw and grunted.

"Where are your manners," prompted Papa Harvard, "*What do you say?*"

John stuck out his tongue at the benevolent gentleman. He flung himself on the floor, kicked and squealed. "You go away," he bawled at Uncle Harkness, "and lemme alone. Us — guys — don' — wan' — no — collegettes."

Thanks to an enterprising press, the rest of the country was permitted to listen in on this family quarrel at Harvard. Newspapers carried front-page stories reporting minutely the students' ungracious reaction to the acceptance by the Harvard authorities of Edward S. Harkness's gift of more than eleven million dollars — one of the two or three largest single donations ever presented to a college. When a multimillionaire makes any such huge donation, that — even if it is thankfully received — is news; but when the beneficiary says — well, any of the things that the vocal members of the Harvard student body have been uttering — that is headlines.

Now, although the sensational elements of the drama have had their due in the headlines, the actual significance of the Harvard students' flare-up hasn't been widely discussed. This college-within-a-college plan, to which the Harkness gift has committed Harvard, has been hailed time and time again as an ideal panacea for the ills afflicting our large universities. Distinguished educators, viewing with alarm the development of unwieldly educational institutions with student bodies as large as the populations of good-sized towns, have promulgated the theory that the restraining influence of public opinion decreases in direct proportion to the size of the com-

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munity; and they have offered the inner college plan as an antidote for everything from drunkenness to floppy trouser legs.

Why, then, should some of the most influential undergraduates at Cambridge go into hysterics when a lavish endowment offers Harvard the chance to be the first American university where this educational ideal can be carried out on a grand scale?

TO UNDERSTAND that, one must understand Harvard. Indeed, the real interest and irony of the story lie in the fact that Harvard — individualistic Harvard with a personal *laissez-faire* policy unique among American colleges — should of all places have been chosen as a field for this experiment. It is the last institution in the country where such a project would meet with sympathy. Since, then, all the college traditions are opposed to this bright idea of Mr. Harkness it is really not surprising that instead of thanking him gracefully in the suave, broad accents which have made Harvard famous, the outspoken students girded themselves for war and thundered their protests against their presumptuous Student Council, against the Wilsonian tactics of President Lowell, against intrusive Capitalism and against every phase of this housing scheme known none too affectionately as the new House Plan.

On the face of it, the House Plan gift looks not only wonderfully generous but perfectly innocent. It is intended to provide, for a certain number of sophomores, juniors and seniors at Harvard, six individual colleges patterned after those at Oxford and Cambridge in England. Each of these smaller colleges would accommodate two hundred and fifty men. In addition to studies and bedrooms, there would be large common rooms for social activities and meetings and a communal dining-room where students, their tutors and the Head of the House could have their meals together in peace and amity. You see, it is hopefully assumed by the sponsors of the plan that two hundred and fifty Harvard students, thrown into close contact with each other for three years, will get acquainted! And a great many people — most of them *not* undergraduates at Harvard — are much concerned about the inchoate social system which now prevails among the college's three thousand unorganized undergraduates.

BUT these same optimists have failed to consider certain important psychological factors. Ever since it was founded, two hundred and ninety-three years ago, the watchword of Harvard has been individualism. Restraints on the part of college authorities and regimentation by groups and cliques within the student body have been consistently opposed. In this era when organization has become a fetish in all fields, and especially in education, the Harvard system is without parallel. It is based on the proposition that all men are not created equal — that they have different tastes, interests and incomes, that these differences ought to be respected, and that students as well as members of the faculty should be permitted to choose their own associates and

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activities just as they would in any other community. Yale, they say, has its all-round fellow, presumably standardized into a Yale type; Princeton has its man-about-town, Dartmouth its he-man, Mt. Holyoke its careful lady, Vassar its low-heeled stride — but Harvard boasts that it has no molds, wants no standardized graduates and breeds nothing but atypicals.

NO ONE attempts to tell a Harvard man when or where he should eat, when he should come in at night, who are the right people for him to cultivate or what he should do with his spare time. There is no insistence, as there is at most other American colleges, that the undergraduate should "go out for some activity and do something for the dear old school." So long as he maintains a satisfactory record, nothing is required of him except that he be agreeable and please himself. If he prefers not to be agreeable, he can still please himself.

For years this un-American heresy, this denial of the great American college creed, has proved satisfactory to all concerned at Harvard. It has fostered Harvard supremacy in education, Harvard pedantry, Harvard radicalism, Harvard snobbishness and Harvard apathy and indifference. Now the students feel that all these sacred attributes, and especially their much-vaunted languor and indifference, are being threatened by the Harkness House Plan.

In this supreme crisis, the sedate *Daily Crimson* and the flippant *Lampoon* laid aside their ancient animosities and stood together, banded against the invasion of Harvard by Big Money and against the destruction of personal liberty by college paternalism. One issue of the *Lampoon* was devoted almost entirely to caustic comment upon "Doctor Harkness's $13,000,000 shot of cocaine that will whoop things up for a while but, Oh God, what a morning after there will be!" (Incidentally the $13,000,000 figure which *The Lampoon* employs is exaggerated by a million or so. The exact figure is $11,392,000.)

A much quoted editorial declared, "An army is hard to control unless it is divided and subdivided from regiments down to squads. A nation is difficult to oppress without Fascistic district organization. And just so a force of employees require supervision, espionage and the gang master to snap them up on their piece work . . . A Henry Ford of Education has conferred these blessings upon Harvard . . . The failure of the House Plan is more than a possibility. And before it can even be experimented with, it requires the scrambling up and readjustment of present Harvard. Once the plan has been started in effect, the past of the College, that still clings as a redeeming aura around the Yard, is buried, and the old order instead of changing slowly, is dynamited."

THE decision to accept the Harkness gift was, according to *The Lampoon*, made behind closed doors. "Twenty-three men talked it over, all of them important and powerful except twenty-one . . . Somebody suggested that the students should be taken into account. He was given the gate and a five foot shelf of Harvard classics . . . After John Har-

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vard has had two hundred and ninety-three years of varying success, six weeks of applesauce bid fair to leave him nothing but a pair of pants and a coat of copper nitrate."

The Crimson, opposing less melodramatically the loss of social flexibility which the plan would bring about, considers that present conditions are preferable to a forced melting pot scheme and regrets "the philanthropy which, blind to the notorious inadequacy of tutorial staffs, professorial salaries, and even lecture room facilities, would contribute millions toward the realization of an unneeded and to some extent undesired, residential experiment."

Again, there is irritation because Mr. Harkness first proffered the gift to Yale, and it was not accepted. "Why," asks the rebellious undergraduate at Harvard, "did Yale refuse the Harkness money? Are they bright down there or something?"

THE irate students, moreover, perceive certain obvious difficulties about the practical application of the House Plan. President Lowell has intimated that those privileged to reside in the Inner Colleges would constitute a cross-section of the Harvard student body. But how is this cross-section to be obtained? Will it be a case of choosing one of each kind of student — rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief? Or will the authorities simply count out according to another formula: "My mother said that you were to be — *it*," and It goes to the House. In that case would It be allowed to take his roommate with him, and if his roommate, why not four or six of his closest friends? Were this permission granted him, the collegette would find itself divided and subdivided into tiny groups quite as sufficient unto themselves as they are now. And the students would probably still refuse to speak to anybody outside their own group.

THE emphasis upon "the friendships formed at Yale" is, at Harvard, completely reversed. No undergraduate will admit that he is conscious of the existence of more than a hundred men in the University and under no circumstance will he confess that he knows the man across the hall. The taboo against crossing an imaginary line that divides the hall seems to be absolutely and universally observed, but judicious questioning reveals that men who live next door to each other in the freshman dormitories usually are acquainted and may become fast friends.

In general, however, such social grouping as Harvard has are notoriously simple, consisting of two castes, the Brahmins and the pariahs. The Brahmins are usually graduates of exclusive New England preparatory schools such as Exeter, Andover, Choate, Groton, St. Marks, and Milton Academy, just outside of Boston where students are registered by telegram as soon as they are born. They are sons of families whose names appear in the Social Register. The self-styled pariahs — otherwise known, among themselves, as the mob and the vulgar throng — are everybody else.

It is the Brahmins almost entirely who constitute the membership of the clubs at Harvard. As sopho-

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mores, they may be invited to join the Institute of 1770 or the Dickey Club, which are steps along the way to the Waiting Clubs; and eventually some of them make the Senior Final Clubs of which there are seven: Porcellian, Delphic, Spee, A.D., Fly, Fox and Owl. Each club has about twenty-five members, chosen for social and personal reasons like the members of any exclusive, non-collegiate club.

A RECENT magazine article suggests that Harvard indifference toward the clubs is assumed; and that few undergraduates "are not thoroughly conversant with the attributes, location and membership lists of every Harvard final club." Possibly this observer is correct, and my own acquaintance may be hopelessly limited to the pariah group. Nevertheless, while reporting this whole situation on the spot in Cambridge, I made numerous inquiries that always brought similar non-committal responses. For instance, a junior, a graduate of Groton (one of the Brahmin strongholds, by the way) when asked whether it was considered a great honor to be chosen for one of the final clubs, said, "Well, I — er — really can't say; you see — I hardly — er — know that much about them." Seeing the blank expression on the faces of those who answered as he did, I could not possibly doubt the sincerity of their apathy.

Now, while the recognition of financial and social barriers at Harvard would seem most undemocratic to the outsider, in actual practice it makes for serenity and free, individual development. The boy with a small allowance is not tempted to overspend in order to do what "everybody at college is doing." He is not forced, on pain of appearing unpatriotic and lacking in school spirit, to subscribe to every fund and activity sponsored by enthusiastic racketeers. Here he is as free as he would be after graduation to choose intimate associates among men whose tastes and incomes approximate his own.

Perhaps this explains the fact — which otherwise would appear odd — that it is the pariahs who are most bitterly opposed to an indiscriminate herding of Brahmins and outcasts in an Inner College. One young man with a socialistic necktie and a paper pamphlet entitled *Our Economic System* protruding conspicuously from his coat pocket, insisted that he for one was unwilling to be the subject of a slumming expedition for the Milton Country Day School. "Let them get broad-minded at somebody else's expense," he muttered.

PREVIOUS experiments all tend to prove that Harvard men can and will circumvent any attempt to force them into sociability. At present, all freshmen are required to take part in some kind of organized athletics. An inexplicably large number choose squash, "because," as I was gravely informed, "it takes just two to play it." In this connection it is instructive to note that Harvard always wins the national squash championship — and ranks very high in checkers.

Last fall when Harvard and Yale matched their prowess on the gridiron to discover which didn't have

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the worst team in the country, Harvard defeated her traditional rival for the first time since 1921. The Harvard contingent, marching through Grand Central to make whoopee in New York City after the victory, yelled "Reinhard! *Reinhard!*" Now, Reinhard is not a famous quarterback or even the coach or manager of the team. He has been dead for so many college generations that he has become a legend. The legend has various versions, but all agree that Reinhard was a lonely soul, and that unlike other Harvard men, he did not crave loneliness. Some say that he paid fellow-students to stand under his window and bellow his name. Others intimate that he used to creep down in the dead of the night, call to himself, rush back upstairs to his window and answer in the bored tones acceptable to his Alma Mater, "Come on up."

And thus it is that even today, when under the stress of great emotion, the whole college still takes up the cry of "Reinhard!" — in concerted derision of a Harvard man who wanted to be popular.

To revert to the vigorous protests against the Harkness House Plan, one might imagine that living conditions at Harvard must be already Utopian to warrant the outburst. This is scarcely the case, however. The freshmen, who live and eat in dormitories, do lead fairly well-regulated existences. Sophomores and juniors may be found nobody knows exactly where; some appear to reside in the buildings formerly devoted to rich men's riotous living and known as the Gold Coast, others in bleak, walk-up flats dignified by the name of Something-or-Other Chambers. Seniors reside in the Yard in ivy-covered halls where the shades of James Russell Lowell, Whittier, Longfellow and legions of Revolutionary heroes peer at them from below the picturesque old banisters.

As for food — nothing but the iron-clad resiliency of undergraduate digestions coupled with nocturnal collations from Boston matrons, have prevented Harvard from attaining notoriety as the most dyspeptic community in the world. The streets adjoining the Yard fairly bristle with cafeterias, automats and drug stores where most of the students — with the exception of freshmen and clubmen — regale themselves at odd hours of the day and night.

At these cafeterias the bus boys, many of them students, are trained to scrape the remnants of your meal off your plate before your very eyes, moisten the scraps thoroughly with the dregs from your coffee cup and pile the mixture thus obtained into individual garbage heaps on either side of the tray. This quaint custom — you may take my word for it — is a trifle unsettling, but fastidious Harvard does not seem to mind. The cafeteria habit is so strong even among the Brahmins that after midnight, when they appear in impeccable tuxedos with a Boston bud draped fluffily upon the arm, it is to the cafetarias that they repair.

Radcliffe is the women's college officially associated with Harvard, but one almost never hears of a Radcliffe girl being treated to lunch or a supper at the automat. "What

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about Radcliffe?" I asked one student who had been guiding me through the mysteries of Harvard's *mores*.

"Radcliffe?" he responded in a far-away voice. Then with slow, slow comprehension, "Oh, you mean Radcliffe. I suppose they're really not worth the trouble. They have to be in, you know, at twelve o'clock."

Obviously what the Harvard man requires is ease and simplicity in his social arrangements. He shows a positive genius in pursuit of this ideal. During his four years at college he has only two large parties to pay for — the Freshman Jubilee and the Junior Prom. The first semester of his freshman year he asks everybody to the Jubilee, and trusts to his woman-hating friends to take care of the overflow. After that, he begins to distribute bids to the Junior Prom. One sophomore confessed that he had already invited eleven girls while sober and had no idea what the real total would be. "But girls," observed the wily young man, "are fickle, especially the smooth numbers that you'd ask to a prom. They get so many bids that they forget about them."

At a débutante dance in Boston recently a printed notice was pasted on the wall to this effect:

> The host has provided for his guests a bus to leave the hotel for Harvard Square, Cambridge, at 2.15 a.m., 3 a.m. and at the end of the dance. *Stags are requested to stand in the centre of the ballroom.*

Presumably this last precaution was taken in order to prevent the garnered stags from sneaking off the reservation; it kept them in plain sight all the time and thus delicately impelled them to earn their transportation by consistent cutting. Apparently if Harvard men cannot be bribed by millions for collegettes, neither can they be reduced to grateful submission by Back Bay's anchovy canapés. Their bored aloofness from the social clutches of Boston's élite is suggested by a stanza which recently appeared in *The Crimson:*

> On the road to old Back Bay
> Where the Boston matrons pray,
> Pray for husbands for their daughters
> Out of Harvard 'crost the way.

The salient fact is that Harvard undergraduates will not be shepherded into any conventional pastures, whether social or academic. They do not regard nonconformity as socially undesirable or absurd; the levelling process, which is a conspicuous feature of college life at other places, does not exist. One man at Harvard maintains a sport airplane and dashes about in it for week-ends. Another spends every evening in the newly-popular swallow-tail coat. The man who sits next to him in class wears a gray coat and shiny blue trousers — even after seven — and spends what money he has on first editions of Aubrey Beardsley and Ezra Pound. Another who devotes himself passionately to archæology is tolerated without the least suggestion of sly ridicule. At almost any other college his absorption would be considered queer, and sufficient grounds for ostracism. Harvard is an undergraduate school with a graduate attitude. The general temper is unashamedly intellectual and far more mature than that at the usual American college.

Probably no other institution could have evolved the wide-spread

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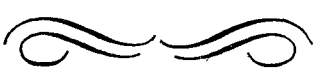
Harvard custom of "vagabonding to classes." One student explained the phrase by saying that it meant, "Cutting your own classes to go to somebody else's." His summary, while not absolutely accurate, conveys the idea. It is not necessary, however, to cut one's own class in order to attend interesting lectures; one may go in spare time.

Due to Harvard's emancipation from "college activities," free time is not such a wry joke there as it sounds to other undergraduates. Every issue of *The Crimson* contains under the heading of "The Student Vagabond," a suggested list of lectures to be given that day; one on Schubert, for example, another on *Electric Currents and Ohm's Law* and one on *The Romance of the Mind.* These are not "culture courses," attempting to summarize the wisdom of ages into one epigrammatic hour. They are part of the regular work in some department. A student may attend any lecture at the college whenever he chooses to do so. And although this may sound very strange to the Jeremiahs of American education, the fact remains that "vagabonds" do choose to ramble about in the oddest corners of knowledge, and what they miss in continuity, they gain in a sense of adventure and discovery.

From all these observations, one may conclude that Harvard men are the most radical as well as the most conservative, the most snobbish and the most democratic, the most academic and the most versatile of collegians. These paradoxes are possible because the lack of social restraints and artificial groups has fostered a community of individuals. Respect for privacy is fundamental at Harvard. And hence one may well question whether the celebrated Harkness House Plan is going to transform the student body into little masses of good mixers. Probably the students, in collegettes or out of them, will go on basking in impersonality and glorying in the paucity of their friends and acquaintances, despite the best organized threat to their sacred indifference. Which being the case, one can only regret that the much vaunted college-within-a-college ideal is to receive its most ambitious try-out under the most inauspicious circumstances.



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Bombing Planes or Battleships?

By Lieut. Barrett Studley, U. S. N.

A naval flyer presents a national aircraft policy strongly opposed to the aviation enthusiasts' views, as reflected in our last issue by Frank A. Tichenor

Some years ago the attention of the Nation was focused on the question of aircraft in relation to national defense. There were thunderous broadsides, vicious recriminations, boards of investigation, a general court-martial and hundreds of pages of testimony. So far as the layman was concerned, the net result was the disappearance of all solid facts behind the smoke of battle.

Now, although the larger conflict has died away, a few ardent skirmishers are still firing sporadic volleys. And the average citizen would like to determine which way the battle is actually going. If any little two-by-four nation can buy a second-hand air force and blow us off the map, he certainly has the right to know about it. If he is spending a sizable bit of loose change annually for a Navy which will seek the bottom of the ocean as soon as a couple of bombers heave in sight, he is extremely careless with his money. If, on the other hand, planes are not such horrific instruments of destruction, he might as well cancel his order for a storm cellar and enjoy the world once more.

It is possible to present certain undisputed and indisputable facts concerning this subject from which any intelligent person can draw reasonably accurate conclusions. We will assume that the United States of America will not engage in a war of aggression. The discussion will therefore be limited to the employment of our armed forces in defense of our territory and of our commerce on the high seas. The offensive capacity of potential enemy aircraft and the defensive capacity of our own will be considered.

The objective of offensive war is to occupy an area. That of defensive war is to maintain occupation of an area. Land areas have always been occupied by armies and sea areas by navies. The essence of war is the shifting of regional control as a result of the operations of the combatant forces. Therefore aircraft in war must be considered in relation to control over areas.

Aircraft can control only by destroying or by threatening to destroy. On the ground or water they are powerless. They cannot occupy or

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administer a territory. Under certain circumstances they can control an area, but under no circumstances can they complete unaided the objective of occupation.

AIRCRAFT can attack in three ways: (1) with machine guns and light bombs, used against unprotected personnel; (2) with heavy bombs and torpedoes, used against structures such as fortifications or warships; (3) with poison gas, used against massed personnel.

The effectiveness against land or sea forces of fast fighters armed with machine guns and small bombs is obviously limited. These weapons are useful at close range only. In this position the plane is exposed to enemy fire, and its high comparative mobility is at least offset by its inability to remain in one place. The fire of an aerial gun can be distributed over a large area, but it cannot be sustained on any one position. Moreover, the ammunition supply carried by small fighting planes is limited, and gun jams are more difficult to clear than on the ground.

Larger planes armed with batteries of machine guns have been constructed experimentally. Effective fire can however be maintained only at lower altitudes. Here such a plane would be within easy range of fire from the ground, and its size and decreased manœuvrability would render it an excellent target. Also ground personnel could ordinarily take to cover on its approach. Some losses could undoubtedly be inflicted on the enemy, but they would be limited. It appears therefore that aircraft cannot control an area by means of machine guns and light bombs alone.

It is obvious that a large number of aircraft dropping heavy bombs regularly on a small area can control that area. Even if the planes remain above the effective range of anti-aircraft batteries, some bombs will hit vital spots. A city could be easily destroyed, as no accuracy of aim is required to hit it. Massed troops, artillery, supply trains, ammunition dumps and such things could be damaged and scattered. A fleet could likewise be destroyed, since even from ten thousand feet altitude one or two per cent of hits could be expected. And if five hundred or a thousand planes were able to repeat their attacks regularly and frequently, all ships would be sunk.

On the other hand, a relatively small number of aircraft cannot control a comparatively large area, and can control a limited area only if they can evade its defenses regularly and place bombs accurately. And if aircraft can be prevented from reaching an area at all, they can exercise no control whatever over it.

THE matter of our national defense against aircraft then boils down to a few simple questions:

(1) What areas in the United States are vulnerable?

(2) Could foreign bombing aircraft reach these areas?

(3) How many planes could reach them?

(4) Could they hit vital spots?

(5) How could they be prevented from reaching these areas?

Generally speaking, the only vulnerable areas are cities. A load of bombs planted in a cornfield promptly loses its military value. But as our cities are distributed widely through-

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out the country, any airplane which crossed our borderline could if unopposed probably find an appropriate spot to deposit its cargo. Adequate national defense therefore requires that enemy aircraft be denied our coasts and borderlines. Could any large enemy air force enter this country? That appears to sum up the matter.

An airplane must come from somewhere. It does not materialize out of the sky. So the first thing to determine is what possible starting places are available for an enemy air attack. These are included in four areas: (1) foreign territory in North America; (2) South America; (3) the Eastern Hemisphere; (4) the surface of an ocean.

THE first can seemingly be disposed of at once. Canada certainly has no desire to attack us. No other nation could develop an air force strong enough to do so. Any concentration of aircraft anywhere would imply a foreign alliance against us, which we would not permit. And in the unheard of event of such an attempt, our land forces could at once occupy the entire country and obliterate the war before it started.

South America would not of course be so handily situated for our Army. But neither would we be so conveniently located for possible attackers. No nation there appears to have either the power or the desire to invade us. The Monroe doctrine bars foreign alliances and we would tolerate no attempts to evade it. Crossing off South America does not therefore seem far-fetched.

So we turn to the Eastern Hemisphere. And whichever way we look, we see an expanse of water. We should be deeply grateful for that pair of oceans. It is necessary only to compare their width with the statistics of present day aircraft performance.

EXAMINE the specifications of a large single-engined bombing plane designed in 1928 and considered a triumph of engineering performance. Carrying a thousand pounds of bombs, it will fly for eleven hours at 80 miles an hour, covering some 900 miles. This plane could be built in quantities by many nations. But we can do better than that. Here is a huge twin-engined plane, one of the largest built. It will take off with a fifteen hundred pound load of ordnance and, cruising for 16 hours at 85 miles an hour, cover 1400 miles. It will cost around a hundred thousand dollars. However, it is expensive to maintain and its life, like that of all planes, is at best only five or six years. Probably even more efficient planes are being built at this moment. Perhaps the radius with a fifteen hundred pound load will soon be two thousand miles. But even then it would still take two jumps to cross an ocean. And no mid-ocean filling stations have yet been perfected.

It is true that planes have flown three thousand miles or more and that transoceanic flights have been successfully completed. But the loads of these planes consisted of just one thing — gasoline. To be sure, they did carry a little food as well. But an expedition which ends by assaulting the enemy with a volley of ripe tomatoes is hardly going to win a war. Military effectiveness requires bombs. And bombs mean weight.

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It is to be noted here that the size of planes is limited by considerations of structural strength. To build a plane twice the size of our biggest bomber, material weighing over twice as much would be required. Consequently its maximum load would be less than doubled. It appears therefore that, with present materials and principles of design, the economical limit of size has been nearly reached. Radical increases in load-carrying capacity and cruising radius will have to wait on new discoveries.

ANOTHER limitation is that imposed on speed. Glib references to bombers traveling at 150 to 300 miles an hour involve a certain carelessness of statement difficult to excuse. A few large planes can approach the lower of these speeds. But their gas consumption is greatly increased and the cruising radius appreciably cut down. From a military point of view such speeds are uneconomical. A racing automobile can make 120 miles an hour. But a five-ton truck cannot. A racing plane, carrying only a pilot and a little gasoline, can make 150 to 300. But anyone who conjures up bombers capable of such speeds is taking extreme liberties with his physics.

A favorite variation of intercontinental bombing operations is the expedition *via* Greenland or Alaska. Air enthusiasts plan such campaigns with relish. The equipment essential for their success consists of a comfortable arm chair and a four-foot globe. The latter is not afflicted with weather. But the accounts of recent flights in the far North have taught us something about Arctic storms. The fate of any such expedition can be deduced at the first guess.

Turning further into the records of practical experience, we find our doubts with regard to transoceanic flights further fortified. Engine failure, storms and fog have exacted a heavy toll from those who have risked them. We are forced to admit that long distance flying over water is still a spectacular gamble. Aviation engines which will run reliably long enough for the trip are not yet designed. If one hundred engines are started, twenty hours later a sizable proportion of them will inevitably be stopped. Therefore if one hundred planes start on a long flight over water, only a certain number of them will reach their destination. The gentleman who scans our skies for transoceanic air raiders probably looks under his bed at night for burglars.

THERE remains as a potential starting point for our invaders the surface of an ocean. This does not mean, however, that aircraft can actually take off from the water under their own power. The Pacific is seldom smooth enough to permit this, and the Atlantic never. They would have to be launched either from flying decks or from catapults. And as soon as surface vessels are required, naval power is introduced as a vital factor.

It has been determined that aircraft in sufficient numbers can destroy surface craft. Assume that we have a strong defensive air force, able to operate from a chain of bases located at frequent intervals up and down our coasts. Any enemy aircraft carrier entering the coastal zone

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would come within their range and could carry on no sustained operations. But suppose, under cover of low clouds, a fast carrier steams to within two hundred miles of our shore. Our scouting planes could easily overlook it. Then during the succeeding evening suppose it comes in another hundred miles. At ten o'clock a squadron of bombers could take off. Following a compass course, they head for our coast. Even in the darkness they can hardly miss finding one of our large cities. So, about three in the morning, our slumbers could be most unpleasantly terminated. At night our army fighting planes would be helpless, unable to find the bombers, and before dawn the enemy would have vanished on his way back to his carrier.

Such an arrangement does not appear entirely satisfactory. It would be much better if we could keep enemy carriers so far away that raids would be impossible. This could be accomplished if they were denied the high seas beyond our coastal zone. But control of these is a function of naval power. Therefore we arrive inevitably at the conclusion that our Navy is still our first line of defense.

We now come to the question of the part to be played by aircraft in purely naval operations, conducted beyond the maximum radius of action of land-based forces. Can bombing planes launched from carriers sink battleships?

In stating that aircraft could control the coastal zone, we assumed an air force limited in size only by the building capacity of the country. In considering air warfare at sea, however, the situation is radically different. The size of a fleet air force is limited by the capacity of its plane-carrying vessels. The largest type of carrier in existence could hardly operate more than forty heavy bombers while carrying the requisite number of accompanying fighters. The majority of carriers now in commission or building could operate only fifteen or twenty at most. Consequently the number of bombers available for operations on the high seas must always be restricted to rigid limits.

An aircraft carrier is, moreover, a vulnerable ship. It presents a large target, unprotected by armor, to both gunfire and aerial bombs. In waters where hostile cruisers or destroyers might be encountered, it must be guarded by escorting cruisers. Its own planes would find such small, fast vessels, well-equipped with anti-aircraft batteries, extremely difficult targets, particularly at night. Consequently they could not be depended on to protect their own carrier from a vital thrust. In case the latter encountered enemy cruisers superior to its own protecting force, it might easily be sunk by gunfire, or forced to retire. And fast light bombing planes, catapulted from the cruisers, might put it out of commission temporarily. While the ship itself would hardly be injured, damage to the flying deck sufficient to prevent flight operations might be inflicted. The closer a carrier came to a hostile fleet, the more frequently attacks by such light forces could be expected. Consequently a carrier on the high seas in time of war could operate effectively only in company

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with strong units of its own fleet. Any force of carriers attempting to operate independently would be sunk or driven off by hostile cruisers and destroyers before they could come within range of the enemy main force.

A CARRIER might, in order to get its planes into the air unopposed, launch them at a distance of several hundred miles from the hostile fleet. If the location of the latter were known accurately and if the weather were clear, it would probably be found. But if its position were uncertain, or if the visibility were low, this would not be as easy a task.

Still, with a fleet air force based on a number of carriers, we may assume that a reasonable proportion of its heavy bombers and torpedo planes would get into the air and locate the opposing main body. The first thing that they would then encounter would be protective fighters. A squadron or two of these would ordinarily be retained in the vicinity for the sole purpose of meeting such attacks. The bombers would of course be protected by their own machine guns and probably escorting fighters. The results would normally be losses on both sides. The next obstacle would be anti-aircraft fire. To bomb accurately, a plane must approach on a straight course at a constant altitude and speed. At lower altitudes this makes it a good target. If dropping torpedoes, planes must approach approximately head on just above the surface of the water. Here they are also vulnerable to gunfire. The attempt might be made to conceal their approach by laying down a smoke screen. Mechanically this is perfectly feasible, as a single plane can lay an excellent screen several miles long. But to accomplish this close to a hostile fleet would be worth a hatful of medals.

Moreover, bombing even at low altitudes is far from a simple matter. Some proponents of aircraft apparently consider the process analogous to that of driving up in a truck and depositing a ton of coal in your cellar. In actual fact, hitting a bulls-eye at five hundred yards is simple compared to hitting a battleship from four or five thousand feet altitude. In the first place there is the wind drift, which is seldom the same as on the surface and is not easy to judge. Allowance must likewise be made for the course and speed of the target ship. A bomber who charges up like a troop of cavalry cannot expect to hit anything but the ocean. Steadiness is not easy in air rocked by shrapnel and high explosive. Finally, there is the personal error of the bomb sight operator. A certain proportion of bombs may be expected to hit their objectives, but nothing like a hundred per cent effectiveness can be expected.

TRUE, under conditions of poor visibility, it might be possible to press home a surprise attack at an altitude low enough for accurate bombing. If this could be accomplished before the anti-aircraft batteries could get into action, it might be effective. The same conditions would however make it difficult to find the objective. So far as night attacks are concerned, it is impossible even on a moonlight night to see a completely darkened ship at any

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distance. A fleet would normally change course at nightfall, and would be hard to find. Even if it were found and if attacks were made by the aid of parachute flares, success would be problematical.

ANOTHER potential factor is the large diving bomber. Carrying a heavy bomb, this plane would dive at two hundred miles an hour to release its load just over the target. If constructed, it would probably constitute more of a menace to the capital ship than any other type of aircraft. As yet, however, no such planes have been built. And it will be well to remember that, in all military history, new weapons have invariably been followed by new means of defense. A diving plane presents a steady target, as it cannot zigzag at high speeds and would sacrifice accuracy by any attempt to do so. A huge machine gun, firing one pound explosive bullets, would involve no new mechanical principles and would be a formidable weapon for the bomber to face.

In any major attack on a hostile fleet by aircraft, it is certain that some hits would be registered. But one hit, even by a large bomb, would hardly put a battleship out of action. All of its vital spots are heavily protected by armor. Certainly some of its guns would survive the shock. And below the waterline a modern dreadnought is a veritable honeycomb of watertight compartments. It is estimated that three or four torpedo hits would be required to put it out of action and six or eight to sink it. The ex-German *Ostfriesland*, sunk by aircraft in 1921, was not a modern ship. Certainly there is no reason to think that an airplane could demolish an up-to-date battleship at one blow.

So far as practical experience is concerned, there is none. Modern aircraft have never attacked a modern, adequately protected fleet under service conditions. The *Ostfriesland* lay motionless in the water, undefended. But an analogy can be drawn which may perhaps be enlightening. We have repeatedly been informed that the submarine has made the battleship obsolete. Suppose we see what history says about this contention.

DURING the World War the largest submarine fleet ever built was opposed to the largest surface fleet ever built. The latter lost, as a result of submarine operations, exactly one modern capital ship, the *Audacious*. Several pre-dreadnought battleships were sunk. But during the Battle of Jutland, when the entire Grand Fleet was at sea, no capital ship was injured by a submarine. It is of course a fact that the Fleet had to be rigorously guarded against undersea attack. But it is equally a fact that it was successfully guarded, that it did deny the high seas to the opposing fleet, and that without it the War would have been lost at once. It appears that we are very tolerant when we limit ourselves to the words "far-fetched" in describing the claims of submarine protagonists. By analogy, we should be equally slow in allowing ourselves to be carried off our feet by the contentions of the air-minded.

From the foregoing analysis of actual present day conditions we may draw the following conclusions:

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(1) Aircraft carriers alone cannot operate when opposed by hostile light forces. They can be employed only when protected by escorting light forces.

(2) Opposing fleet air forces of equal strength would probably nullify each other by putting each other's carriers out of commission.

(3) An air force which secured control of the air would give its fleet an advantage, both by its own ability to attack and by gaining freedom of operation for its scouting and observation planes.

(4) A numerically weak controlling air force, attacking a hostile fleet at ranges low enough to be effective, would probably sustain losses from anti-aircraft fire large enough to prevent the gaining of a decisive advantage.

(5) A numerically strong controlling air force could make decisive attacks on a hostile fleet.

(6) Consequently aircraft constitute a force which, like a battleship, cruiser or destroyer force, *is an essential component of a properly balanced fleet.*

Some enthusiasts for aviation have developed the habit of abolishing the Navy every two or three weeks. On paper, it is obliterated by tons of falling bombs or driven to innocuous shelter by the threat of them. Suppose, for the sake of argument, we lay up our ships in their yards for a while.

Now, likewise for the sake of discussion, suppose some of our friends decided to help themselves to Hawaii. A surprise attack, made simultaneously with a declaration of war, could accomplish this. Of course, we decide to do something about it. Hastily we mobilize our air squadrons. We rush them to the Pacific Coast. There we discover that none of our planes will fly to Hawaii with anything heavier than a bouquet of flowers. A floral tribute not appearing exactly appropriate to the occasion, we reconsider our decision.

We cannot send our carriers, for our opponents, not being afflicted with scruples about a Navy, have cruiser and destroyer squadrons patrolling the high seas. So we go to our aircraft designers. Urged on by our pleas, they turn out a plane which will carry a ton of explosives across twenty-five hundred miles of ocean. A thousand of these are built.

Now the round trip to Honolulu and back is four thousand miles. So obviously this is a one-way excursion. As such, it violates all military principles. No one ever heard of expending an Army or Navy in one raid. And one could hardly blame the crews of these planes if their enthusiasm was not aroused to fever pitch. But still, with our fondness for doing big things in a big way, we start them off.

Of nine planes which have actually left our coasts for Hawaii, four have arrived. But we will be optimistic and say that sixty per cent of our planes reach the vicinity of the islands. A hundred miles out, they meet hostile fighters. Our planes of course carry machine guns, but they have no protective fighters, for pursuit planes carry only small loads of gas. The enemy can attack at will. Our guns will account for a good many of his planes. But naturally we also suffer losses.

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Perhaps half of our force sight the islands. The swarms of attacking fighters increase in number now. Our gunners are hard pressed to meet them. Then the anti-aircraft batteries come into action. The air is splintered by shrapnel and rocked by high explosives. Our weary pilots struggle grimly to retain control. Here and there they see a comrade collapse under the impact of a shell. But they carry on, those that are left of them, to the goal.

JUST what is the goal? The city of Honolulu? There are some fine buildings there that we can blow sky high, but the enemy is not in them. Hostile planes? They are all in the air attacking us. Army headquarters? Supply depots? All camouflaged and invisible. Anti-aircraft batteries? Try dropping an orange on a dime from the top of a skyscraper. Enemy troops? Scattered over the whole island, with gas masks on, waiting under cover in thousands of little groups, watching us. And even we cannot blow a whole island to pieces.

So our planes let go their bombs. There are tremendous detonations, huge eruptions of smoke and dust, thunder, fire and possibly a little blood. Our pilots—the few still in the air—take one last longing look eastward and then glide gently down to earth. There they discover that they have scared the civilian population to death and killed several of the enemy.

Back in America we thoughtfully resurrect our Navy. It will be a long, hard job now. We can make no direct frontal attack in the face of the enemy's planes. Our carriers, operating under protection of our Fleet, will have to send bombers in on night raids. Under cover of darkness, the latter can strike, night after night, at his hangars. There will be no grand coup, no magnificent stroke to turn the tide of battle. There will be merely a steady wearing down of hostile forces. But the Navy will see that no reinforcements come. And some day the Fleet can close in.

In these days of mechanical achievement we can call nothing impossible. Unquestionably transoceanic flying will some day be feasible from the military point of view. Leviathans of the air capable of circling the globe in one flight may traverse the skies of the future. When that occurs, our problem of national defense will be radically changed. But we are not now living in the future. If our country should be attacked today, we must defend it with present day means. The employment of aircraft for this purpose requires appreciation both of their capabilities and of their limitations.

THE logical conclusion to our discussion appears, then, to be that aircraft are one of several essential elements in our national defense. They are required in three different capacities and could act best if organized into three separate forces: the Fleet Air Force, the Coast Defense Air Force, and the Army Air Force. The first would operate from carriers on the high seas as an integral part of the Fleet; the second would operate from shore bases to control the seas adjacent to our coasts; the third would operate over land as an integral part of our Army.

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A potential invader must then first meet our Navy, whose aircraft would harry him, would report his movements to our Fleet, and if he were weak would destroy him. Should he be strong and should any mischance force our Navy to retire, he could still reach us only by passing our coast defense air force. It is unlikely that our Army, with its air force, would be called into action.

We have today a fair-sized Fleet air force. The tonnage of its carriers is however only two-thirds of the treaty allowance, and in number and plane-carrying capacity of these vessels it is inferior to other air forces. We also lack a sufficient number of cruisers to protect our carriers. Our coast defense air force as a separate entity is non-existent. Both the Army and Navy possess planes suitable for such work. So far as practical results are concerned, the question of administrative control of this force does not appear vital. But that certain squadrons should be organized and trained for this specific purpose is desirable. More complete chains of bases on both coasts would likewise be advisable.

The deficiencies in our defenses are being partly remedied by the building programs already authorized. At present we are far from impotent in the air. Completion of current construction will make us stronger. If we can fill our remaining needs, we shall be on a footing of equality with the strongest of our neighbors. It is imperative that we do not slacken in our efforts to maintain an up-to-date, effective air force. But if we do maintain such a force, it is reasonable to anticipate peaceful skies for some years to come.

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Free Speech for Talkies?

By Edwin W. Hullinger

How the lately quiescent problem of State film censorship has been revived in acute form since the silver screen found its synchronized tongue

The talking movies — or, to render due homage to the signboards, "The one-hundred-per-cent.-all-talking-singing-dancing pictures" — have accomplished something more than the revolutionizing of America's great film industry. Besides opening a new era in dramatic technique, besides drawing a host of playwrights and dialogue experts to Hollywood, besides challenging the ancient prestige of the legitimate stage, besides adding between forty and fifty per cent. to the attendance of hundreds of picture theatres the talkies have revived a serious issue of public policy. For, when the films began to speak, one could hear behind the inanity of the very first lines an inevitable challenge to the institution of censorship.

Some of us may question whether the silver screen is as yet gifted with a silver tongue; we may even wish that this *enfant terrible* of the entertainment world would again respect the ideal of all good children — to be seen and not heard.

Yet we cannot dodge one question. If the movies *must* talk, shall they be denied the right to do so without State interference? Whether or not they have anything important to say, shall the privilege of saying it in their own inimitable way be refused them? Thus, and with many complications, the movies are presenting us again with the age-old dilemma of freedom of speech.

The motion picture industry takes the position that whatever gags are put in an actor's mouth by dialogue writers, no gag should be placed upon it by public authority. It is maintained that there is little inherent difference between silencing a talkie talker and censoring a public speaker or newspaper editor.

As a matter of fact, even ignoring the principle at stake, there are substantial technical reasons that make censorship of the talkies difficult. Words cannot be deleted from an intricately synchronized picture with a snip of a pair of shears as was possible with the silent film. An assiduous State official can give rein to a few personal prejudices and practically ruin a film that cost several hundred thousand dollars to produce. No wonder that the movie

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industry — America's fourth largest industrial bloc — is girding itself for a struggle against the censorship which it alone, among our agencies of expression, has been called upon to endure.

Two preliminary legal skirmishes in Pennsylvania have already occurred this spring between the picture world and the State censorship camp. In each case the argument was carried to the Pennsylvania Supreme Court, and each resulted in a victory for the censor. The Court decided that the censorship statute was so worded as to give jurisdiction over spoken as well as screen language. The contestants were the Fox Film Company and Vitaphone, Inc., the latter being the talking department of Warner Brothers. A third case has been pending in New York, the Pathé Exchange having obtained a temporary injunction to permit the showing of the sound version of *Sal of Singapore*, for which the New York censor had refused to issue a license. Pathé had declined to submit the spoken text for censorship at all, on the ground that the silent picture had already been passed and approved. In another instance, the censors preferred not to step into a trap which had been set for them, and waived their right to review a movie-tone which reproduced a speech by President Hoover.

In moving picture headquarters in New York, no secret is made of the fact that the industry is only waiting for a favorable opening to launch a general offensive against the institution of censorship wherever it exists and to carry its case before the American people. This for the reason I have already mentioned, that the mechanical nature of a talking picture and the difficulty of manipulating it after manufacture have given the censorship problem an immediate economic aspect so alarming that the industry cannot afford to ignore it. The cost of correcting a talking film to suit the wishes of a censor ranges from a hundred times the expense of making a similar change in a silent film to a figure that would make the venture utterly out of the question. In other words, the movie industry has suddenly found itself the producer of a commodity the character of which precludes the innumerable deletions and changes which the censors have been in the habit of demanding.

In the days of the silent film — which the heads of most of the large companies now admit are virtually past — censorship was an expensive and annoying but generally a comparatively simple procedure. The cost of rewriting a deleted title — which could be done by the local distributing agent — amounted to about five dollars. To this was to be added the loss of the discarded film footage removed by the reviewer and the expense of censorship machinery, which, of course, was borne by the industry. The usual fee for reviewing a film was from two to three dollars a thousand feet, with an additional charge for all copies affected. The censors' bureau yielded each State a comfortable profit, the annual cost of the process to the picture industry being estimated at about $3,500,000 a year — which figure exceeds the total annual profits of some of the national movie companies. Yet this

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burden did not prevent the industry from staggering along toward riches.

In a talking film, however, the deletion of a single speech — or even a word — involves the cutting of the entire scene, with consequent weakening of the play. Or else the film must be sent back to the studio so that the actors may make the scene over again — if, indeed, the original "talkers" are available at the moment! The remaining alternative is to abandon the idea of showing the film at all in the territory in question, if the probable income from the film from that State would not justify the expense of remodeling the picture.

What such a prospect means to the picture industry is plain when one realizes that fully a third of the seating capacity of American picture theatres lies in areas controlled by State or municipal censors. Six States: New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Maryland, Virginia, and Florida have State-wide censorship laws. Massachusetts maintains a censorship over all films shown on Sundays. A number of the larger cities, including Chicago and Memphis, possess strict municipal censorships. All told, the censorship belt includes most of the large cities in the country; and the various censors have had from six to fourteen years in which to reveal their usefulness. What has been the result?

CONFRONTED with that question, I have played the dutiful reporter, have made a circuit of moving picture citadels in New York City and have discussed the problem with many well placed observers. Let me quote three opinions, typical of the industry's attitude.

Lewis Innerarity, secretary of Pathé Exchange, Inc. — the oldest moving picture concern now in existence in America — has long been a spearhead of the movies' fight against State supervision. His acquaintance with censors covers a period of more than eleven years. His views are not immoderate. He admits the desirability of some check on certain directors' appetites for sensationalism. His objections to official censorship rest on the charge that the existing system has failed to achieve the objects its originators intended, and that in practice, it has wrought more damage than good.

"THE sound picture is too new to have any history," he said. "But the various censorship bureaus that will pass on the talkies are manned by the same persons who have been reviewing the silent films. We have no reason to expect a change of heart, and can only gauge the future by what these individuals have done in the past.

"In its daily operation, the State censorship machinery has been foolish and erratic. There has been a similarity of spirit underlying the system, it is true, but no consistency in its practical application. A censor in Kansas will pass as innocuous things which the New York reviewer regards as indecent, immoral, or inciting to crime. A casual examination of reports prepared by the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors, Inc., shows the widest divergence of opinion among the different boards. Much of their censorship is simply an outgrowth of individual idiosyncrasies. The effect of such a procedure on the marketing of expensive sound

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pictures, where each deletion is a serious thing, is obvious. It could easily develop into a situation that would be quite impossible from the production point of view.

"Our experience with censors has been almost as rich in smiles for the disinterested onlooker as it has in irritation for us. Censorship has been a joke, but it has not been a joke that we in the industry could enjoy. In some districts, pictures must pass a test of prudery that would have surprised the Puritans. In Pennsylvania, all mention of childbirth is banned. From one of our pictures, the censor cut — quite as a matter of routine — a scene showing a prospective mother holding up a pair of baby's socks to indicate that a child was expected. Imagine subjecting any of our best magazines to such requirements: deleting a portion of a story, for instance, for suggestive matter of this kind!

"TAKE another instance — a case in which a New York censor's sense of humor failed to keep pace with his desire to justify his salary. In a comedy reel called *Good Riddance*, the owner of a jolly but pestiferous puppy hired an aviator to take the dog seven miles skyward and lose the animal in the air. The flyer was shown dropping the offending canine from a height of 35,000 feet, while the owner, in unjustifiable glee drove away in his auto down below. The next scene pictured the dog landing in the back seat of his master's car and climbing over the upholstering to lick his owner's face. Naturally the whole thing was a farce, most of the action taking place in a studio. The dog actually fell two or three feet. This scene was deleted on the ground of cruelty to animals, the contention being that it was cruel to drop a dog seven miles through the air!

"This case was serious enough to be carried to the Appellate Court, where we obtained a reversal of the censor's ruling. But why should motion pictures be subjected to such absurd vagaries, when comic strip artists, the vaudeville stage and circus clowns, for example, perpetrate equally grotesque farces without a ripple of official interference?

"AGAIN, in a Harold Lloyd comedy the comedian was seen going through a fraternal initiation. During the ceremony, the initiate was rapped on the cranium with a huge rubber hammer several times the size of his head. The scene shows the hammer bouncing off, as if from substantial ivory. The censor barred the scene on the grounds that it was inhuman to hit anyone on the head with a hammer.

"Once we trapped a State censor into deleting her own words. Mrs. Evelyn F. Snow, head of the Ohio bureau, had gained some notoriety as a result of a remark made in explaining her reasons for killing a news scene of a group of Atlantic City bathing girls. She was quoted as having said that since seventy-five per cent. of the people were incapable of thinking, it was necessary for someone to decide for them what was good for them to see. The remark was quoted widely by the press associations, so we sent an operator to make a routine news picture of Mrs. Snow at work in her office. We ran this in our regular news reel under a caption which repeated Mrs. Snow's

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words, plus a footnote added by our editor asking the audience what they thought about it. When we submitted the reel to Mrs. Snow, she deleted both herself and the caption.

"So capricious are many of the deletions that I am convinced they must often spring from the reviewer's desire to make a showing. Somehow he must justify his appointment — an appointment which, of course, was a political plum. Despite the increasingly severe intramural supervision which the picture companies have been maintaining for themselves of late years to safeguard against loss through deletions, the proportion of eliminations continues constant.

"I do not think the American people know how censorship actually works," Mr. Innerarity concluded. "But I do know that the very idea of it is repugnant to principles which most Americans cherish. And the only time the issue has come up for popular vote — in the Massachusetts State referendum two years ago — censorship was voted down five to one. It is significant that in this election the only districts that voted for censorship were the backward communities and tiny villages, most of which had no cinemas. In the towns and cities, the majority was overwhelmingly against censorship. I believe that if the issue were put to the American people as a whole, the vote would be equally conclusive."

FOR another interesting slant on movie censorship I am indebted to Harry Warner, president of Vitaphone, Inc., known as one of the three "fathers" of the talkie in America. "Censorship," Mr. Warner said, "creates a tyranny of one generation over another generation the members of which possess an entirely different set of standards. The existing censorship machinery is manned almost entirely by elderly persons whose ideas of life belong to another age, or by young persons who are under the influence of these venerables. I say this not in praise or condemnation of the individuals themselves, but simply as a statement of fact.

"TO POINT out that the world has changed a great deal in its ideas of what is and what is not proper would seem utterly needless — were it not for the censors' apparent obtuseness to the change. The official guardians of the movie goers' morals evidently still live in the age when no woman would allow herself to be seen smoking in public, and when it was immodest to wear skirts above the ankles. My grandmother would have thought herself eternally damned if she did the things my wife and children do today without a second thought; and young people are openly discussing subjects that could never be mentioned in mixed society a score of years back. The everyday chatter of our modern youth would make our grandparents' hair stand on end. Everybody except the censors knows this — knows that America is throwing off the prudery of the past. And yet to 'protect' these 'impressionable' young people, who have grown up in an age of wholesome frankness, the censors cling tenaciously to outworn pruderies which mean nothing to anybody but themselves. Here lies the cause of a large part of the trouble we have

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with the existing censorship. An examination of the personal background of the incumbent film reviewers would tell its own story. A generation that has lived its life is trying to regulate the amusements of a world with which it is no longer in spiritual harmony. Naturally, the result is friction.

"WHEN I was five years old, my parents left Poland to escape the suffocation of a rigid censorship which forbade free speech. My family had large property holdings; my father came to America for spiritual rather than economic reasons. And today I find myself obliged to struggle against an attempt to create in America another censorship slightly different in character but equally as rigid, in its way, as the one my parents thought they were leaving behind forever!"

While Mr. Warner thus supplemented the arguments against motion picture censorship which Mr. Innerarity advanced, I obtained from still another important figure in the industry a strong statement of its needlessness. Carl E. Milliken, formerly Governor of Maine and now secretary of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors, Inc. — our national movie "chamber of commerce" — insisted that "political censorship" is unnecessary because an adequate means of protecting the public from glimpses of indecent and sordid films is already at hand in the power which local police have to forestall the showing of salacious plays. This instrument, Governor Milliken urged, can be more effective than the censorship machinery, and does not involve the disadvantages connected with established State cinema control.

"The existing statutes of this country," he said, "place responsibility upon any producer or exhibitor who infringes the laws forbidding lewd theatricals. This is the same power that protects the public from libelous statements in newspapers or obscenity in books, plays, magazines or postal cards. Probably the best illustration of how police regulation operates is to be found in the action of the New York City police recently against certain plays which they regarded as objectionable. In each case the theatres were closed promptly and the producers and actors brought to trial. The existing social machinery was used to perform one of its normal functions. The great advantage of this method is that it takes matters out of the control of a small clique and places it in the courts where it belongs."

GOVERNOR MILLIKEN charged that censorship reduces an art or medium of expression to the capacity of political appointees who cannot be expected to exercise any judgment other than that which their own individual experiences and mentalities provide. "It is not to be presumed," he added, "that any three, five or fifty persons in this country whose services are obtainable at the salaries paid to censors have the ability to determine what the other 120,000,000 citizens are to see or hear."

He pointed out that each week an average of about fifty-four miles of film are released in the United States. Members of the censorship boards themselves neither can nor do see even ten per cent. of this total.

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They must delegate much of the work to subordinates.

As a further safeguard against the presentation of objectionable films Governor Milliken cited the intramural "supervision" which the moving picture industry has been maintaining since the establishment in 1922 of the so-called movie "chamber of commerce." As a result of the consultations between this body and individual producers, the production of about two hundred popular books and plays has been prevented after the production contracts had actually been signed. One of the most spectacular instances was the vetoing of Theodore Dreiser's *American Tragedy*, after $90,000 had been paid for the film rights. It was ruled that Dreiser's powerful tale was too sordid for the movie theatres of the country!

In an effort to minimize losses through censorship, the moving picture industry several years ago drew up a lengthy list of "don'ts," to which studio directors were urged to adhere. Among other things, these commandments ban lewdness, undue emphasis on crime, offense to religious sentiment and a number of other phases of life which had been found to excite the censors.

In 1926, Will Hays created a regular advisory bureau, under the direction of Colonel Jason Joy, the function of which was to exercise a voluntary centralized supervision over the quality of plays and books accepted for production, advise regarding possible deletions of film plays previous to the general release of the films, and to do all it could in a friendly way to preserve the industry from missteps.

With this machinery in existence, and with the kindly help of local police courts, the American movie industry thinks it can look after its morals without the aid of a censor. And if the "intramural censorship," earnest but slightly bewildered, occasionally bans a work of art and permits vulgarities to get through, an impartial observer may yet hazard the opinion that the State censors have shown much cruder judgment. Besides, the question still remains, why should the movies and talkies be subjected to a supervision that magazines, playwrights and comic strip artists escape?

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Wisconsin Gets Her Men

By Ruel McDaniel

Unique methods of crime detection and court procedure that have given the Badger State the lowest crime record in the United States

Late on a recent Thursday night a nattily attired young bandit named John McClintic, who posed by day as a dapper university student, was surprised by the Madison police at his former rooming house and captured after a brisk fistic encounter.

Early Friday morning McClintic was arraigned before Judge Samuel B. Schein, charged with robbing the South Side State Bank of Madison. Friday afternoon Sheriff Fred Finn escorted him to the main gate of the Wisconsin State penitentiary at Waupun, where he entered upon the colorless routine of serving a sentence of not less than fifteen nor more than twenty-five years at hard labor.

Justice moves swiftly in the State of Wisconsin. That is one of two major reasons why that State has the lowest *per capita* major crime rate in the United States; it is one of the two reasons why Milwaukee, a city of about 600,000 people, has no more murders and other serious crimes than the average American city of 100,000 population. Milwaukee has had less than thirty murders in five years.

Madison dealt speedily with John McClintic; but that was only ordinary speed. Listen to this one, from Milwaukee. One morning a few months ago at seven o'clock an Italian laborer became infuriated at his wife at the breakfast table. He whipped out a knife and stabbed her to death. At nine o'clock the same morning he appeared before Municipal Judge George A. Shaughnessy, charged with murder. Before noon he stood before Judge George E. Page in district court and was sentenced to life imprisonment. At two o'clock—same day—he boarded the train for Waupun!

Not only does the State of Wisconsin deal quickly with its criminals, but it catches them with the same consistent speed and regularity. The combination accounts for Milwaukee's having the lowest burglary insurance rate of any large city in the country, and for the State's having the lowest automobile theft insurance rate in the United States. Last year Milwaukee recovered ninety-five per cent. of all the automobiles stolen within the city limits, besides scores of others stolen in other cities and states and driven to Milwaukee. Out of over one thousand people reported to the Mil-

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waukee police department as missing last year, only thirty-eight were unaccounted for, and this number included those whose families left the city during the year and made it impossible to check accurately on the return of missing persons belonging thereto.

THE reason why Milwaukee has made a national record for efficiency and speed in capturing its law violators is primarily because the police department is on a common sense business basis. The city hall, so far as office management and routine are concerned, reminds you of an efficient business organization. Milwaukee has several innovations in its police department that would make the old-time chief of police wonder where this modern age is taking us.

The present system of capturing and "getting the goods on" violators and suspects had its real beginning back in 1921. The Identification Bureau is the nerve-center of the department and all activities revolve around it. It is a sort of central agency, with every branch of the police force focusing upon it.

Here are concentrated a mass of records and information that make it uncomfortable, to say the least, for any law violator or suspect who has committed any crime anywhere and had thus far gone unpunished.

A few weeks ago a plain clothes man brought in an old man charged with petty larceny. He was escorted immediately to the Identification Bureau. He was questioned minutely, not so much concerning the petty offense he had just committed, but to ascertain if he had done anything more violent in the past. His face was unfamiliar. No officer had ever seen the man before. He had lived in Milwaukee for forty years. No, never before had he been arrested. He gladly gave his name. Seemingly the old fellow had a clear slate. His answers to the multitude of questions had been perfect. Then quite suddenly a clerk whispered over the shoulder of the head of the Bureau, and handed him a slip of paper. The head of the Identification Bureau smiled.

"You say you've never before been under arrest?" he spoke to the prisoner. "I suppose that is true; but you should have been arrested! Why did you steal that dress from old lady Schmidt, a little over thirty years ago?"

The decrepit old man stared at his questioner. His demeanor convicted him beyond reasonable doubt. He finally admitted his guilt.

"Now you go and find that old lady, or her ancestors and pay for that dress. Come back here and report to me that you've done it, and that old charge will be dropped. As to this new one — well, we'll see about it later."

THE theft of a twelve-dollar dress was of course a trivial matter. Furthermore to keep a record of that violation for thirty-two years seems over-efficient; but it isn't. The case shows to what extremes the Milwaukee police department goes to check its criminals. If it had happened that this old man had committed a murder instead of petty larceny thirty-two years ago, the record would have been there just the same.

The clerk who appeared on the scene and handed the Bureau head that note had disappeared when the old man had first come in — disap-

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peared practically unnoticed. For the few minutes he was absent he was a very busy individual. He checked through a file recording missing persons, he checked what the Identification Bureau calls its "show up" records; he checked the file of people wanted in every part of the world. It was in the "warrant file" that he found the information pertaining to this aged prisoner.

Now and then a man or a woman commits one crime or another, a warrant is issued for his or her arrest, and the accused is not found. Obviously if the offense is not a serious one and the department has reasonable cause to believe that the accused is no longer in the city or the State, the warrant is filed and more or less forgotten — for the time being. Unless the violator is familiar with Milwaukee's methods, he figures that after a year or so his little digression will have been forgotten and he may return in safety. So he may — unless he happens to run afoul of the law again, as this old man did. Regardless of what a person is charged with when he is brought to the Identification Bureau, he is checked against this "warrant file." If ever he committed any crime or misdemeanor for which he has not been arrested, that will show up, provided a warrant had been issued against him. Often men and women are found to be more serious violators than the current charges indicate.

Milwaukee has a country-wide reputation for returning fugitives from justice. That is because the Identification Bureau maintains a complete file of descriptions of all persons wanted in North America. Every description is filed and cross-indexed. Whether the subject is a roving boy whose parents are anxious for his safety or a vicious fratricide, the complete description of him goes on file and remains indefinitely. Every person brought to the Bureau must pass the acid test of this file. His name is checked against the names in the file; his description is checked, and the town or towns which he gives as his former home are checked against a cross-file of cities and towns. Criminals have boasted of being arrested and acquitted of petty violations while murder charges hung over their heads. They don't get away with that kind of business in Milwaukee.

One safe-blower from Chicago, now serving five years in Waupun, remarked after his guilt was established, that if a man's great-grandfather had been so much as a horse-thief, the Milwaukee Identification Bureau would drag that out on the great grandson if ever he was arrested. And that fellow did not entirely exaggerate.

One reason why Milwaukee recovers ninety-five per cent. of all its stolen automobiles is because it maintains exhaustive records of such stolen property in the Identification Bureau as well as in the traffic department. Not long ago an Indiana bank robber was apprehended in Milwaukee primarily through the stolen automobile file in the Identification Bureau.

A car bearing an Illinois license failed to stop when approaching an arterial highway sign. A traffic officer on duty at the corner halted the car merely to explain the local ordinance regarding arterial highways to the

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driver; but the driver seemingly resented the explanation. The officer's intended friendly warning developed into an arrest for abusive language and failure to stop at the arterial highway. The offender was carried to the traffic department. While this was being done, the arresting officer, as in all such cases, examined the automobile carefully, writing down the license number, motor number and builder's serial number as well as a brief description of the vehicle. Here, while the traffic violation was being disposed of, the Identification Bureau scanned its file of stolen cars. In ten minutes the clerk had discovered that a motor vehicle of the same make and bearing the same motor and serial numbers had been stolen about a month before in Indiana.

THIS evidence warranted bringing the traffic violator to the Identification Bureau. Here, confronted with the unexpected evidence regarding the car, the prisoner faltered in his demeanor. He showed a bill of sale that looked entirely too much like a forgery. In the meantime, a clerk was systematically checking through the Bureau's file of missing and wanted men, with special attention to Indiana. In less than a half-hour, this minor traffic law violator, confronted with his own photograph and description, admitted he was wanted in Indiana for bank robbery. He is now doing time in that State.

Not only does every traffic officer have before him at all times a list of the automobiles reported stolen locally, but he is instructed to scrutinize every car bearing a license plate from another state, and to investigate the least suspicious conduct on the part of the occupants. Some of the city's most notable captures have been effected through the automobile records of the Identification Bureau.

The professional fence is little more than a myth in Milwaukee because the Identification Bureau makes it so disagreeable that he cannot exist. Every pawn broker is required by city ordinance to supply the Bureau with a complete list of the merchandise he buys each day. Failure to do so not only subjects the offender to fine but means the forfeiture of his license to operate. This list then is checked against the daily list of reported stolen property, also in the Identification Bureau. Not only does this make pawn shop operators doubly careful in accepting goods, but when they are unfortunate enough to buy stolen property, they are amply willing to coöperate with the department in the apprehension of the thief, sensing a chance therein to recover their money.

THE stolen property file is a veritable gold mine for criminal apprehension. Some months ago a woman was brought to the Identification Bureau on suspicion of grand larceny. The evidence was so thin that she would have been released without a doubt, but for the fact that she was wearing an expensive wrist watch set with diamonds. An examination of this proved it to be one of several such watches stolen six weeks previously from a local jewelry store. With this sudden evidence the Bureau was doubly justified in holding the suspect; and a check of the "morgue" turned up the woman under a couple of aliases and with brown hair, even

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though she was a blond at the moment. She eventually confessed and gave the names of her confederates.

A MAJOR reason for the successful operation of the Identification Bureau is the enthusiastic coöperation of all police departments. As in most cities, Milwaukee's police department issues a daily bulletin of police news. Primarily this gives the names, descriptions of and charges against the persons wanted. Every man on the police force, from captain of detectives, to traffic officer at a school crossing, is asked to memorize the names and high lights of these daily bulletins; and a man found who does not know what his bulletin contains is likely to find himself looking for a new job. Obviously this is to fit every man to detect wanted criminals. As a matter of fact every police officer, regardless of his job, is a detective as well.

Milwaukee had the flasher system of contacting with officers on duty. The moment a serious offense has been committed and reported to headquarters, signals all over the city flash in the boxes at street corners. These boxes are in the vicinity of officers' beats, and they flash until the officers answer them. Ordinarily within two minutes after a crime has been reported to headquarters, details of it, with whatever description of the offenders there is available, are in the hands of every man on duty.

The smoothness with which this signal system worked about four years ago dampened the ambition of a group of neighboring safe crackers to the extent that they have consistently blacklisted Milwaukee since. During that summer it was apparent that they had honored the beer city with their attention. They came in groups.

At first there were three. They dropped off the train at 11 o'clock one morning. At 12.30 they pushed guns into the ribs of two men conducting a wholesale jewelry store, bound and gagged them, and made away with several thousand dollars' worth of gems. Evidently, however, the job of binding was not a success, for at 12.50 one of the victims released himself and telephoned the police department. At exactly one o'clock two detectives took the trio off a North Shore train before it pulled out of the Milwaukee station. At five o'clock they were on their way to Waupun to begin serving sentences of twenty-five years each.

THAT, however, did not dampen the ardor of the other outsiders. A few days later five visitors landed in Milwaukee. They waited until evening to seek employment. As there were no safes conveniently near and as apparently ready cash was at a premium, they held up two women and took several dollars. No sooner had the department made due record of this offense and had its men on the lookout for the visitors than in came a second report. This time they had held up a man, and because he had but ninety cents, they punched a revolver barrel down his throat, knocked out several teeth and behaved ungentlemanly in general. Less than half an hour later the five were "getting the works" in the Identification Bureau. After they have served their five to ten years in Waupun, a nearby State has an invitation for them

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to answer several burglary and hold-up charges.

Some ten days later a group of seven came, not to be frightened by the bungling methods of their pals. They, too, are stopping at the State's hotel in Waupun.

One professional gunman told a writer recently: "We keep out of Milwaukee. We don't work there. The police, district attorney, the courts — the whole damned bunch — are too fast for us."

IN MILWAUKEE when a murder or any other serious felony is committed, every activity of the police department focuses upon the job of capturing the offender. Every detective on the force, whether on duty or off, is pressed into service. All leave is automatically cancelled until the fugitive is apprehended. There is little sleep on the part of any member of the detective force until the criminal is behind the bars.

Both the judicial and police forces agree that one of the biggest aids in curbing crime in Milwaukee is that city's vagrancy ordinance. In the haunts of gamblers and idlers in general in Milwaukee, two is a lot of company and three is an enormous crowd. So considers the police department, and such crowds are promptly disbanded. They simply don't have "gangs" in Milwaukee. Any man who is seen to be idling around any particular place is considered under suspicion by the officer on the beat. The officer asks the man, politely enough, where he works and what his name is. If the replies are plausible and satisfactory, fine. If the idler shows an inclination to dispute the officer's right to delve into his private affairs, as visiting gangsters are wont to do, the obstinate individual soon finds himself facing a barrage of questions and a dozen information files in the Identification Bureau. If his record is clear, he has nothing to fear. If he happens to be wanted in either Milwaukee or any other city, there most likely will be a vacant chair at his hang-out that night.

Capture alone does not frighten professional criminals, however. It is what happens to them *after* the arrest that is impressive to their friends on the sidelines. Wisconsin's judicial methods are as efficient and as effective in curbing crime as the Milwaukee police routine. In an endeavor to put its house in order, Wisconsin did something several years ago that even now is considered quite radical in conservative judicial circles. It eliminated the grand jury system of indictment, except in investigation cases. That accounts for the speed with which offenders are dispatched to the penitentiary.

IN WISCONSIN any citizen who witnessed a crime can be a complainant. His signing a complaint automatically dispenses with the grand jury, and the accused comes up immediately for preliminary hearing. If he pleads guilty, sentence is passed by the trial court, usually on the same day, and the dockets are cleared for the next case. If he pleads not guilty, he is arraigned before the trial court, a definite date is set for trial and when that date comes, trial is held, unless the defendant has an air-tight claim for a delay. At most, the case cannot be delayed longer than thirty days from date of in-

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dictment. Wisconsin does not have capital punishment.

Grand juries function in Wisconsin only as investigating bodies, and return indictments only as a result of the findings of these bodies. A prisoner may have a trial by petit jury if he demands. Otherwise the usual criminal case is decided by the presiding judge.

Wisconsin criminal court judges specialize in criminal cases. That is their business. Civil cases never interfere with the handling of crime. Other judges handle civil questions.

On October 14, 1912, a fanatic attacked and wounded President Roosevelt in Milwaukee. The plea of the defendant was guilty, but his attorneys claimed insanity. Within forty minutes after the insanity hearing opened, the defendant had been adjuged insane and sentenced to life detention in the asylum for the State's criminally insane. The case cost the State of Wisconsin $700.

In Wisconsin there are no ridiculous claims of insanity, because murderers know that such claims don't go with the court. In the average court the defendant and the State alike can drag in "expert" alienists to no end to testify as to the sanity or insanity of the prisoner; and the court and jury are supposed to be governed according to such testimony. When a defendant in Wisconsin pleads insanity, the court immediately appoints a board of five recognized alienists. These five experts examine the defendant, having no obligation either to the State or to the defendant, and their findings are final — and unanimous. Although the Wisconsin insanity law has been in force about fifteen years, never has an alienist board returned a minority report. They don't plead insanity in the Badger State unless they are insane!

But the State is not severe on its unfortunates. In fact it was Wisconsin that originated another so-called radical judicial step — the Adult Probation Law. The commonwealth has been probating certain of its adult convicts since 1909.

Judge A. C. Backus, prominent Milwaukee jurist and newspaper publisher, father of the Adult Probation Law, explains the purpose of the law in this way:

"The duty of the State not only is to punish its offenders," he declares, "but to reclaim them. It is no credit to commit a thug to the darkened walls of a State institution; but it is glorious to make of that thug, eventually, a useful citizen. Our Adult Probation Law presumes to reclaim a certain amount of wreckage from the human garbage heap and remold it into useful citizenship.

"We have reason to believe that our system has succeeded. We have kept an accurate record of our probation cases since the adoption of the law in 1909. Of all the men and women we have released on probation, ninety per cent. have made good. Nine out of every ten — nine hundred out of a thousand — have gone back and made of themselves useful citizens. Not only have they remade themselves, but they have remade their families, their environments."

Wisconsin does not suffer from the same probation debauching that is overrunning some of our States, however. There are certain strict qualifications a prisoner must meet before the

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probation board will consider his case: He must be a first offender; his crime must have been less serious than murder; his sentence must be shorter than ten years in the penitentiary.

THE prisoner is then released to the court which sentenced him. Although the law does not specify it, the court assumes full charge of the man's welfare. It gets him a job. It sees after his family. If the family environment is of the sort that breeds a repetition of crime, this environment is rectified. Sometimes the family is moved out of the community. In cases where needed, the children are clothed, fed and sent to school.

The firm which hires the probated man pays the wage to the court. The prisoner does not handle his money. The court uses his earnings to its best ability, making his family happier; making him happier; building him a savings account. Every Saturday the man reports to the court. Failure to report calls for immediate investigation. If the prisoner has broken his oath, the time he has had to escape is so short that he usually is apprehended and sent back to prison.

"The only people besides the criminals who squealed when we adopted our system of dealing with law violators were the middle-class lawyers," declares Judge Backus. "They made quite a howl when our system first went into practice, because it eliminated about four-fifths of the time cases remaining on the calendar. It did away with needless new trials, because mere technical errors are no longer grounds for retrial here, and it so shortened the detail and time consumed in trying the average case that the criminal practice in this State dwindled terribly — terribly from the criminal lawyer's standpoint. However, they soon adjusted themselves to civil practice and the average lawyer today agrees that our system is difficult to beat. Of course we still have good criminal lawyers in this State; but most of these are hired by the State, either to represent the State or the defendant. When a defendant comes into court and pleads that he cannot hire a lawyer, the court hires for him the best counsel available."

SPEEDY trials, plus a common sense practice in granting bonds, have eliminated the professional bondsmen from the corridors of court rooms in Wisconsin. Because an offender knows that he is to go to trial within a few days after his incarceration, he is not so insistent upon release by bond; and because the State demands that the full amount of the established bond be placed in the custody of proper authorities, in the form of actual cash or tangible property worth the amount called for in the bond, professional bondsmen simply don't find the pickings worth while. The bond privilege is not abused in the Commonwealth of Wisconsin.

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Why Albania?

By William W. Hall, Jr.

The newest of Kings and the oldest of European peoples appear to give the lie to Bismarck's sneer and to prove that the spirit of Scanderbeg still survives

"There is no Albanian nationality!" declared Bismarck with characteristic bluntness, fifty years ago; and the trend of events in Albania, as reported by the American press, seems, at first glance, to confirm the Iron Chancellor's cynical dictum. The republic, we read, has been discarded in favor of the monarchy, a change which is supported by Mussolini and interpreted as another play in his game with Yugoslavia for manœuvring himself into a position of control in the region of the Adriatic. Ahmed Zogu, erstwhile President, in whose mind the romance of the Napoleonic legend has long been fermenting, lays his fez and military cap away in moth balls, and replaces them with the crown of royal authority. Yugoslavia, in the mean time, sounds a discordant note amid the plaudits which attend this most recent act in the Albanian drama, protesting against Zogu's pretensions in assuming the title of "King of the *Albanians*," of whom nearly half a million still reside within the borders of the Serb-Croat-Slovene Kingdom. We are left with the impression of Albania, not as a country inhabited by mortals like ourselves, but as the stage of a colorful musical comedy or as a pawn in a lively chess contest.

As Americans, however, we may well feel a peculiar interest in the less colorful but more vital aspect of Albania as a nation. For Albania owes her status as a member of the family of nations to American influence. In the secret treaty of 1915 in which Italy laid down the conditions under which she would join the Allies, provision was made for an Italian protectorate over Albania. At the Conference of Paris in 1919, however, it was proposed to use Albania for the satisfaction of Greek and Yugoslav, as well as Italian, ambitions. Only one barrier stood in the path of these imperialistic designs, and that was President Wilson, who did not share the cynicism of Bismarck and insisted that the aspirations of the Albanian people for a separate national existence should be respected.

It should be remembered that Albania was liberated from Turkish rule as recently as 1912, and that during the World War her territory was used as camping ground by the

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occupying forces of several foreign States. The Albanian people, consequently, have had little opportunity, lacking as they do an adequate press and a well-established system of public education, for articulating the national aspirations which were suppressed under the Turkish régime. One cannot travel in Albania and move among Albanians without realizing fully that the aspirations of these people are none the less strong or deeply felt because they seldom obtain a hearing before the world whose ears already din with the shouts of bigger and better trained lungs.

No outsider can adequately appraise a people's claim to nationhood. There are some facts about Albania and the Albanian people, however, which are of a fundamental nature and which merit the attention and respect of all internationally-minded Americans.

HISTORIANS are generally agreed that the Albanians are the oldest racial stock in the Balkans, a remnant of the pre-Hellenic inhabitants of the peninsula, pushed back, like the Welsh, into the protecting hills along the seacoast, by successive invasions of Greeks, Teutons and Slavs. They claim as members of their race some of the ablest men of history, among whom were Alexander the Great of Macedon; Pyrrhus of Epirus; St. Jerome; the Emperors Constantine and Justinian; Scanderbeg, of whom a modern historian has written: "The chief of as goodly a race of warriors as ever fought over hills and passes, he practically held at bay the whole strength of the Ottoman Empire;" the Kiuprili family, whose genius restored the Turkish Empire to a position of strength in the Seventeenth Century; Ali Pasha, of Janina, a tireless fighter and defier of the Sultan; Mohammed Ali, conqueror of Egypt and founder of the present ruling dynasty; and Francesco Crispi, twice Prime Minister of Italy.

With the impact of the Slavic invasions in the early Middle Ages the indigenous inhabitants receded into the narrower limits which in a general way constitute present-day Albania. Thereafter they came under the ægis of many powers, Byzantine, Bulgarian, Norman, Serbian, Venetian and Turkish. But the distinctive feature of these conquests was that they were always purely nominal and temporary. No invading force has succeeded in effecting a cultural or intellectual conquest. Amid the ebb and flow of foreign armies the Albanians have preserved their national customs and identity as a people. Even during the half-millennium of Turkish domination, certain of the less accessible regions never bowed the knee to the Turk, and for twenty-five years Turkish rule was interrupted by a united and independent native kingdom under the leadership of the intrepid warrior Scanderbeg.

THE Albanians have not only common racial traditions; they have a language of their own. That the roots of this tongue extend far back into antiquity can be appreciated by the fact that there is evidence that the names of Greek deities and several Greek words are derived from the Albanian. This language has survived against immense obstacles. For five hundred years until recent times it existed only in the colloquial form, with no written literature. The Turk-

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ish Government barred the Albanian language from the schools, and the Greek Orthodox Patriarch prohibited its use in churches and schools under penalty of excommunication.

Albanian patriots have not been slow in realizing that their language is the most promising potential factor in cementing their national life. The story of their efforts in the last few years to establish national schools, compile text books in the native tongue, set up an indigenous press, and create a written literature, is a story of self-sacrifice and patriotic enterprise.

On a bluff a few miles out of Tirana, Albania's capital, stands the Kyrias Institute, recognized as the genius of the Albanian educational movement. It is a school for girls, but its mission is not only to furnish education for women in a land where such training is almost unknown, but also to equip women teachers for the effective dissemination of education in the village schools. The school was opened by virtue of an imperial irade of the Sultan in 1891, and has existed, sometimes under the protection of the American flag, through the vicissitudes of persecution, war, and world-wide upheaval. It is a distinctly Albanian enterprise, but its leaders, Mr. Christo Dako, Mrs. Dako and her sister Miss Kyrias, are American educated; the school has supporters in this country and several Americans on the teaching staff; and the spirit and methods of the institution are thoroughly American.

Although lacking in funds and surrounded by disheartening conditions, the Kyrias Institute is forging ahead in its work. When I was in Tirana a year ago, a new brick building was being constructed to house the school. It is a monument to the faith which Albanians hold in the future of their race. The new building, though unpretentious and not of great size, is the largest in all Albania. Surely there is much to be said for a country whose largest edifice is a schoolhouse!

One of the foundations of a successful State is adequate economic resources. Here, again, Albania meets the qualifications. There are known to be large mineral deposits, and the mountain streams and rivers afford great possibilities for water power. These assets are none the less real because they are undeveloped at the present time; in fact, they are all the more abundant and promising because hitherto neglected.

Albania is primarily an agricultural country, and there is every reason to believe that she will continue so for some time to come. When one travels there and notices the large uncultivated areas in the lowlands and observes the primitive farm implements employed by the peasants and the poor quality of the breed of cattle, he is led to exclaim: What might these broad plains and valleys yield under the application of scientific methods of farming and irrigation and modern farm machinery!

One bright Sunday morning I visited the American legation in Tirana and had a half-hour's chat with Mr. Charles C. Hart, the American Minister. He was enthusiastic with regard to the immense potential productivity of the country. He instanced the great tracts of uncut forests, the water power, the untapped minerals. But he was most sanguine concerning

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he untold possibilities of the soil. He ited Southern California as an example, recalling the day when it was vaste desert, while systematic development has made it today one of the most fruitful areas of the world. Albania, he contended, bears a striking similarity to Southern California. The ground will respond in much the same way. Albania, in fact, has the advantage over Southern California in that the season for some products is onger. Tomatoes, for instance, can be raised over a longer period of the year n Albania than in California. If Albania is given a chance to train a generation of technically efficient workers, the country can be made to bloom, if not like Eden, at least like Southern California.

SOMEONE has said that the decisive consideration is not what a people are, but what they *think* they are. One thing that a visitor cannot fail to discern among the people is a strong and sensitive national consciousness. There may not be a great deal of self-effacing patriotism among the peasantry, but there is no mistaking their pride of race and their devotion to their country's independence. Although Albania is sometimes referred to as a purely artificial creation, it should be remembered that the constituting of Albania as a separate State after the Balkan Wars and again after the World War was preceded by a great wave of popular demand. Indeed, it was a petition presented by Albanians in 1878 which provoked Bismarck's petulant denial of the existence of an Albanian nationality.

In most countries of the Balkans religion is indissolubly bound up with nationality. Religious traditions usually form the basis of national sentiment. In Albania, on the other hand, although Moslems and Christians are divided according to the proportion of two to one, ties of nationality are so strong as completely to transcend religious differences. Albanians of the Orthodox persuasion are no more Greek in sentiment than American Catholics are Italian, while Albanian Moslems would resent the slightest implication that they were Turks.

BEFORE visiting the country I was somewhat skeptical as to the pretensions of religious tolerance there; but I found no justification for such skepticism. There are no religious massacres, no riots, no division of the people along religious lines. Moslems often observe the feast days of Christian saints, while Christians sometimes wear the fez without attaching any significance to it. There are some Albanians who have two sets of names, one Christian, the other Mohammedan. The Albanian family which I visited in Tirana had two sons, one named George, the Christian name of the Albanian hero, George Castriota Scanderbeg, and the other Alexander, which is the Anglicized form of the Moslem name Iskander, or Scanderbeg. The Moslems commonly wear the fez in accordance with religious precept. There is no uniformity of shape or color among the fezzes, with the significant exception that nowhere does one see the red fez which distinguished the Turks until three years ago.

In the course of hiking trips I had two guides, each on separate occasions. One was a Christian, the other a Moslem. The Moslem knew less Turkish than the Christian. Both wore

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white fezzes. On one occasion I noticed a gang of workmen, most of whom wore fezzes, and concluded that they were Moslems. I was told, to my surprise, that the group was almost equally divided between Moslems and Christians, that the fez furnished no index to religious affiliations, and that the only distinction between the two groups was that the Christians took a holiday on Sunday while the Mohammedans commonly worked seven days a week. On the assurance that the fez held no significance I took to wearing one myself. This proved to be a great source of merriment among the villagers, who would point to the fez gleefully and exclaim: "Albanaise-American!"

THAT the national consciousness of the Albanian people is able to rise above all considerations of religious adherence is a striking proof that the ties of nationality are strong and genuine. An Albanian poet gave expression to the sentiment of primary allegiance among his countrymen when he wrote:

> Come all ye Albanians, Moslem and Christian;
> Let not churches and mosques divide us.
> The true religion of the Albanian is the worship of his nation!

A connoisseur of Balkan affairs might stick his tongue in his cheek and remark with an air of sophistication: "Perhaps it is true that the Albanians have racial traditions, a common language, economic resources and national consciousness. But who ca look at Albania today, the football the Balkans, and think of her as an thing more than a nation in nam only?" The answer is: Give the Alb nians a sporting chance and they wi give the lie to Bismarck's sneerin witticism and will vindicate the faith an American President. The substitu tion of the monarchy for the republi bizarre as it may seem to us, is not i itself a retrogression. History revea the extraordinary heights of attai ment to which the Albanians can ri under the spell of a magnetic perso ality. That Zogu has proved h capacity to unite and lead the factio in the country cannot be disputed With him on the throne, moreove there is small likelihood that Albani will be betrayed into foreign hand In a recent interview he declared tha he would never submit to the domin tion either of Italy or of any Balka power, a statement which, in the ligh of previous commitments, it require no small degree of courage to mak

DESPITE the melodramatic tinge recent events, Albania today more firmly anchored to her nation moorings than at any time since th war. Nevertheless, the problem whic has tangled every thread of th Eastern Question in days gone by sti remains: Who among the intereste outside parties will play the game an play it fairly?

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The Myth of Modern Youth

By Harold de Wolf Fuller

Summing up, with illuminating reminiscing for earlier college years, the long-argued debate upon the younger generation's faults and promise

The younger generation is facing the facts. That has been dinned into us. The second quarter of the Twentieth Century will go down as that in which young people began to think for themselves. To them there is nothing in the temples of our civilization too sacred to touch. Religion, marriage, government, society, are all coming under their first-hand observation. They are pioneers. They mean to shape their lives not as their elders, but as knowledge dictates. Is it any wonder that the younger generation has set the whole world by the ears?

The younger generation has become a symbol of the Great Unknown. Leadership will shortly be in its hands. Whither are the rest of us to be led? Is the younger generation hell bent, or is it ushering in a higher civilization? Such questions arise to pique and plague us. But at least we all feel free to pass the buck. Somehow the younger generation, serving as pioneers, will answer these difficult questions.

Young people in all ages, to be sure, have brought fresh points of view to the very questions which are trembling today under the direct gaze of modern youth.

Religion? A thoughtful young man thirty years ago who failed to pass through the Agnostic stage was abnormal. Let it not be forgotten that before the turn of the century the theory of Evolution was nothing new. Clergymen, even then, felt the necessity of fighting it and youth found it the best possible aid to a natural heterodoxy. Clarence Darrow today is not as able an antagonist as was Robert Ingersoll thirty years ago. It is true that, as regards the Protestant denominations, the church had a greater hold upon young people in the eighteen-nineties than it has today. But that was owing to different conditions all round and not because youth then was less rebellious than youth now.

The religious experience which I had as a boy would sound strange to a boy today, even though I was no less skeptical and no less determined to see straight than he is. Out of sincere regard for a Sunday School teacher I joined the Christian Endeavor and participated in militant hymn singing at one of its national conventions. But I knew all the time why I had taken this step. Sentimental

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youth would do the same thing today if Sunday School teachers were as winsome now as they were then. In those days, even in the large cities, church was an integral part of social life. Social standing was partially determined within church walls. Then the boy who was skeptical showed real daring. He bucked not only the church, but in some measure society, too. His fellow today has any number of open confederates and can argue advanced positions without breaking his mother's heart. And as for his grandmother!

MARRIAGE? Here at least modern youth is said to be revolutionary. There is a great deal of talk about companionate marriage, which naturally affects the young more than the old. A few cases of it have been reported in the papers, but the most conspicuous case was engineered by the parents of the contracting parties, and for the present at least the marriage has all the sanctions of the usual union. Men and women, when they can, are marrying young. Divorces are frequent, but no more frequent in the younger generation than in the older. In spite of all the loose theories and the much talk, the younger generation has had little to do with any change which practice can show. When I was a boy there was the usual theorizing about marriage as an artificial convention. I remember that about 1900 a girl, sitting beside me at a dinner in Boston, came out with this startling statement: "If conditions of society do not permit men to marry in their early twenties, there will soon be a repetition of degenerate Rome." "Degenerate Rome" was a highly stimulating phrase in those *fin de siècle* days. Sex and economics, you see, had already become acquainted.

Government? When I was in college most of those who sat up all night and settled the problems of the universe were temporary Socialists. The Trusts were the institutions which we loved most to lambaste. Why was the Government so stupid as to allow these monopolies? With Government ownership, or at least Government control, the public would be protected against high prices, and the strikes which were so deadly in the eighteen-nineties. Oh, the volume of rebellion which smote the heavens in the night hours! The recent oil scandals would have seemed to offer youth an equal opportunity to blow off. Yet no gale of indignation was reported.

I was brought up on the doctrine that America was an asylum for the down-trodden of Europe. A few years ago I asked a class of students whether this doctrine was still a source of inspiration. Most of them did not know what it meant. And those who did received it coldly.

WHAT issues is youth contending for now? Socialism appears to have lost its once commanding interest. American Imperialism gets youth only mildly excited. Internationalism of the pink variety had the support of an intercollegiate organization, but that petered out. There is the more recent issue of worldwide Peace. M. Claudel, French Ambassador to this country, has stated that America is a League of Nations by itself, and that if America decrees that there shall be no more wars, there *will* be no more wars, at least on a large scale. Whether or not his statement is perfectly sound, it is plausible enough to enlist the advocacy

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of ardent youth. Yet I have not noticed that youth has formed organizations to promote it, despite the fact that the goodwill flying of youth's outstanding representative, Colonel Lindbergh, has furnished the best possible incentive.

Society? This is the crux of the whole matter. Mr. Booth Tarkington, author of *Seventeen*, said recently that he no longer understands young people. He doesn't see them enough, he said. He pictured the time when a boy did most of his visiting on the front porch, or, if he went buggy-riding with a girl, they were still within hailing distance. Now an automobile whizzes them off, heaven knows where. The point is well taken, even though it may have another meaning than that given it by Mr. Tarkington.

THE desire of young people to be miles ahead of where they are at any given moment is characteristic. A group may be comfortably met together at the home of one of them. The suggestion is made that they go to a movie or a place for dancing or to a country club, and off they pack in a flock of cars. The occasional picnic of the eighteen-nineties gives place to something doing every day, and not just some thing, but a lot of things. It is not merely the favored few that respond to this quickened *tempo*. Working girls and their friends are quite as restless. Representatives of both classes may often be seen at the same dance places and road houses, planning while they drink and dance for larks at other dance places and road houses.

Now, with all these dashes through the day and through the night, distance meaning nothing; with swimming and golf and tennis together; with jazz orchestras and victrolas and radio constantly marking the rhythm of their lives; with the cheeking and petting, boys and girls go on, on, to new adventures, but go together. Women's colleges, where young men are now entertained every week-end, and the great coeducational universities of the States have added vastly to the body of common experience. Both sexes know the fine points of baseball and football and basketball. The details of machinery are no longer solely man's province. Emotional development is less distinctively masculine and feminine than it once was. An admirable comradeship has sprung up. Men hang over girls and girls hang over men in the spirit of pals. Problems, general and personal, are freely discussed. One who is not frank is usually regarded not as reticent, but as "cagey" or designing. Modern dress is quite in keeping with this tone of frankness. There is an understanding between the sexes which did not exist thirty years ago. This has, in large measure, kept young men from seeking the society of girls outside their acquaintance and not of their kind.

HERE, at last, modern youth differs greatly from the youth of the 'nineties. For that difference there are good and sufficient reasons, some of which have been touched upon. On the surface the difference appears to consist mainly in the present absence of any formality between the sexes. When I was young, no boy thought of mauling a girl, of grabbing her by the hair and shaking her. There were no bobbed heads to invite quick disarray and quick recovery. Swimming always held forth the threat of a ducking, but it was more

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threat than execution. Today, when girls swim so well, they are ready to take their chances with the men. The bicycle more than the automobile necessitated decorous locomotion. Teas had a dressed-up look. (Are there still teas for young people?) I remember at one such affair how the men tried to cover up the very mild gaiety of one of their fellows who arrived with "liquor on his breath". The disappearance of that very phrase, except in the traffic court, is symptomatic. Flasks at parties were of course unknown. Party calls were *de rigeur*. They might be made Sunday afternoons, when one joined other callers, all sitting as formally as at an old-time salon. Or, if they were made in the evening, one usually wore evening dress. It was hard for a man's standing with a mother if he was careless about his party calls.

The range of conversation, as I think of it now, did not seem narrow. Talk of sex usually was *tabu;* but then "birth control" was not even a term in those days. One was ragged and "jollied." Excessive smartness consisted in ability to converse in epigrams, and ordinary smartness consisted in being just normally fresh. Dinner talk, I think, was rather better than now, being less irresponsible. One had dinner companions and practised one's wit on them. A given topic would serve for more than a minute. There were no cocktails, and wine was seen sparingly. Our songs? "Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer true," though far from classical, did associate itself loosely with the lyrics of all ages. "Hot Mamma" of today has no relation to what we sang.

Such, in broad outline, are the pictures which historians of the future will use for their generalizations. What will they make of them? Is modern youth more flaming than the flaming youth of any other age? Let us see. If modern youth is more independent than its predecessors, we should expect to find an enormous gap between youth and its elders. As a matter of fact, parents today probably are closer to an understanding of their children than were parents of any other period in modern times. Parents *looked* liked elders in the 'nineties; they no longer do. The reticences as regard sex are no more, and with them have disappeared a lot of fundamental misunderstandings. What the children do the parents do, in some degree. I know a woman of sixty who in the summer plays golf nearly every morning with her daughters. For the afternoon their ways may part, but by evening she is almost as ready as they for new adventures. Parents may be somewhat breathless over the pace they themselves are going, but they are keeping up pretty well with their children.

It is not inherent qualities, but conditions which they themselves have had no part in introducing, that make members of the present younger generation appear so spectacular. For example, when I was young, there was little or no talk about the economic interpretation of life. About fifteen years ago that view came with a rush. Since then it has radically affected the historical method by calling for a reexamination of the origin of wars and other significant events. At present it enters into nearly everyone's day-by-day calculations. When you stop to think about it, what more is com-

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panionate marriage than an economic interpretation of matrimony? Life viewed mainly from the standpoint of economics has resulted in numerous distortions, even at the hands of experienced historians. Small wonder, then, that youth's economic theorizing is often extravagant. That these young people are little, if any, bolder than their parents in espousing the new theories must mean that they are not as completely emancipated as they sometimes think they are.

THEN there is science. Think what science in the past twenty-five years has done to unsettle views! It has destroyed time and space as we knew them in the 'nineties — those anchors that kept us to more or less settled conditions. The automobile, the airplane, the radio, television, and all the rest have made all localities neighbors. Today young people of all classes may spend their vacations touring from coast to coast; whereas formerly the well-to-do in, let us say, Cleveland were envied because they could make one or two trips a year to New York. Girls in the smallest towns can afford to be daring in their dress because their townspeople know by the movies that they are merely conforming to authorized styles.

Young people today, despite all their ballyhoo, appear to be just the normal generation, responding normally to their environment. On the whole, they have behaved remarkably well, considering their provocations for erratic action. We need not worry overmuch about the young or waste our sympathies on them. It is middle age that needs help and comfort all along the line. Youth is flexible, middle age is not supposed to be. Fancy a mother not only understanding the modern daughter, but entering into her activities! Picture the imagination required of a father to abet the extravagances of the modern son!

But to return to the statement with which I started: Modern youth is facing the facts. So it is, in a perfectly normal way. And most interesting facts they are. To find a generation comparable we should probably have to go back to the youth of Shakespeare's time. Over both these younger generations broke a great light. The sweep and glory of ancient culture came suddenly to the former; quite as suddenly the new, amazing possibilities of science struck the latter. Both generations were born amid conditions favorable to large achievement.

IN THAT sense our present younger generation is more interesting and more vital than any of its predecessors for three centuries. Will it grasp the nature of its special task? Will it remember that all the new wonders of science will fall short unless they enrich and deepen human satisfactions? Will youth remember what age appears often to forget — that machinery is made for man, not man for machinery?

By my comparison, young Shakespeare and young Lindbergh are in juxtaposition. It is a happy augury. Shakespeare searched the world with his imagination; Lindbergh sees it from the skies. There are range and perspective from both positions. The comprehensive, discerning view — which is only another way of saying culture — is all that is now needed to convert science, the colossus, to a benign spirit, man's powerful ally in all human affairs.

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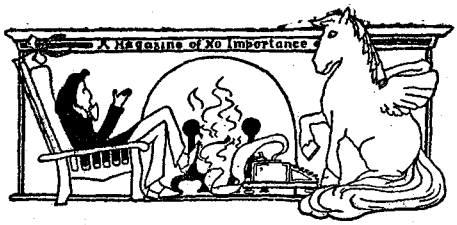

Stuff and Nonsense

By Donald Rose

A Monthly Magazine of No Importance, Dealing Lightly with Matters Pertinent and Profound, and Weightily with Those of No Consequence Whatever

JUNE, 1929 VOL. 5, NUMBER 6

ANOTHER SEACOAST OF BOHEMIA

Despite the modesty and reticence of Mr. Christopher Morley, we have discovered at last his Bohemian backwater in Hoboken, where jaded subway-jumpers from the big city go by nights to eat pigs' knuckles and sauerkraut, drink beer, and throw peanuts at the villain in a Nineteenth-Century melodrama with jazz trimmings. But we have gone further than that. We have discovered a seacoast of Bohemia all our own.

As far as we can remember at this distance, it lies in Camden, N. J., or at least somewhere in those adjacent parts. It is therefore a shade less authentic than Mr. Morley's primrose path, though just as dirty. The Philadelphians and Camdenians have thrown a bridge across their river, and it is therefore possible to get to Camden — provided you really want to get to Camden — without a deep-sea voyage in a ferryboat, which makes it almost too easy. Yet for all that, Camden serves the purpose very well. It is the sort of place you go to only by accident or with the most serious intentions; never casually, indifferently or under the ordinary impulses of travel. One crosses the Hudson to Hoboken, or the Delaware to Camden, as one crosses the river of death. It is either an uncontemplated and undesired accident or one commits suicide.

Somewhere in this *terra incognita* we shall shortly set up our own little shrine to the arts. To do so, of course, we must first form a club. We propose the Two-Hours-for-Tea Club, at which the choice spirits of literary Philadelphia may sit and guzzle Orange Pekoe until it runs out of their ears. Whenever a new luminary bursts athwart the startled sky, he will be taken over the river and drowned in tea. Then he will be sent back to the Curtis Publishing Company and thrown to the goldfish that swim eternally within the portals of *The Saturday Evening Post*. We have already two members for the club. One is the secretary of the Camden Chamber of Commerce and the other is a bus driver on the line to Vineland. There will be others.

When the club is thoroughly organized and has had all the tea it cares for, we shall found a theatre. Maybe two theatres. One will be called The Lyric and the other The Rialto. Above all we insist on originality, verve and a touch of genius in the naming of our theatres. Next we shall enter into a

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quiet business arrangement, as between gentlemen who understand each other, with a couple of restaurants and a peanut magnate. Then we shall be ready to uplift the theatre, restore the vanishing glories of free America, and retire gracefully on our profits.

But a difficult question has arisen. It has been somewhat pointedly asked what we shall show in our theatres. The answer, of course, is that we shall show something that nobody else has thought of showing, at least to the present generation. We shall show motion pictures.

Looking back somewhat wistfully to our long-lost youth, we recall the days of the motion pictures. Skilled as we indubitably are in making vocabulary jump through a hoop, we almost despair of making intelligible those forgotten days to a generation born and bred to the talkies. Yet we shall try.

Believe it or not, but once upon a time there were shown regularly in all our great cities, motion pictures which were really pictures and which actually moved. Your forefathers and ours sat spellbound before them, probably holding hands at critical moments with our foremothers, and watched the quick scenes come and go, now spread across mighty panoramas of nature's own theatre, now sharp focused on some tremendous triviality of look or gesture or tiny detail. Vast mobs raced across the screen, armies marched and fought, great cities, oceans, rivers and mountains took part in what was so quaintly called the "silent drama". And again a baby smiled or a kitten played, or else a clenched hand was eloquent of human passion. Also there were jesters in pantomime, who asked a question with an eyebrow and tossed off an epigram with a turn of the head and punned gloriously with their feet; who were animate with the spirits of Aristophanes or Cervantes or Twain. There were lovers who made love gracefully and without aid of pneumatic aspirates; there were heroes who proved it with sword-arm or fist; there were heroines who walked in beauty as heroines should. Above all there were actors who acted, and none of them had adenoids or talked through their stomachs.

You don't believe it? Well, come across the Delaware some day to the Two-Hours-for-Tea Club theatres, and we'll show you.

In these theatres we shall revive the motion picture of the past generation. We shall zealously preserve the artistic integrity of our project by permitting no invisible orchestras to blare or bleat or burble from a focal point fifteen feet in back of the scenery. We may even go so far as to have a cracked piano and partially cracked pianist to play "Hearts and Flowers" on the slightest provocation. The theatre will be dark, and save for the inoffensive tinkle of the piano, as silent as the tomb. Sometimes we may even permit the film to break.

But the film itself will be the most astounding phenomenon of all. It will contain, for example, no long drawn sequences in which two actors make ten-foot faces at each other. It will emit no thundering whispers nor will it gasp for breath. Its women will not lisp and its men will not growl, and neither will behave as though they were permanently and incurably out of control of their tonsils. Since the actors will say nothing, the happy audience will be delivered from the necessity of watching their mouths as though waiting for their false teeth to drop out. Since they are under no compulsion to utter stupidity, you may sit there and imagine as you please that they are talking with wit and intelligence.

Further we guarantee that when the film shows a crowd, it will be a real crowd and not a dozen supers walking on tiptoe for fear of upsetting a microphone. Nobody will seem to be walking on eggs, and you will be free of the conviction that the play has been wrapped in cotton wool in order than an idiotic hero can talk his and your head off. And best of all, you will be delivered from the necessity of remarking periodically to your neighbor, "Ain't it wonderful how they do it?" You may even be able to enjoy the show or go to sleep or be nice to your sweetie or whatever else you go to the show for anyhow.

Just to complete this practically Utopian picture, there will be at least one major novelty about our restaurants. None of them will sell liquor.

A correspondent suggests very kindly that our patron saint must be Aristotle, who wrote that "men love those who have a happy turn in passing and taking a joke."

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The Bats in the Belfry

A Detective Story

(Continued from last month)

Chapter 5

The heavy rugs of the floor muffled all sound and the door swung to noiselessly, but Dr. Fu Wang Chow merely glanced in the mirror and knew he was not alone. The visitor stood uncertain, holding his cloak closely around him. The Oriental's musical voice broke the silence. "You may remove your cloak," he said. "And pray be seated."

Mr. Isaac Niblock — for it was indeed he — flung down his cloak. "Curses," he muttered. "You know me. Am I then to have no privacy? How did you know it was me?"

"Your grammar is inexcusable," said the great detective. "But I know you are distraught. I knew it was you, the moment I saw you. And it is, isn't it?"

"It is," said Niblock. "It's me."

And so it was.

Chapter 6

"Rosa — for I may call you Rosa, may I not? — Rosa, why did you do it?"

The grim old secret service man looked down at the trembling girl. His hand went out to pat her bowed head, but he changed his mind with an effort and lighted a new cigar. She sobbed and sobbed and sobbed.

"I had to do it," she moaned. "I never thought you'd find out. You don't ever let up on a poor girl, do you? You been after me all this while, until I don't know where to turn. And my mother thinking all this time that I'm safe with Aunt Katie in Hoboken." She burst into a fresh flood of weeping.

"Now, Rosa," he said, a note of emotion coming into his voice. "It'll be all right. Just tell me what you did, and I'll see you safely through. Honest, I will. What did you do?"

She looked up at him, starry-eyed through her tears. "Don't you know?" she breathed. He shook his head.

She stood up suddenly. "Then neither don't I," she said. "And now, Tim Grogan, let me out of here, before I call a cop." And she was gone.

Chapter 7

The great detective, Asa Fletcher, peered through his heavy horn-rimmed glasses at the trembling woman. He did not, indeed, look like a detective; he looked like a startled steam-fitter, but it pleased his mild vanity to look that way. His shirt sleeves were stained to the elbows with chemicals; his vest and trousers were deeply corroded by acids; his hip pockets were full of guinea pigs.

"In what way," he asked," are you concerned with this mystery?"

The woman quailed slightly before the gleam that lay beyond the smoky spectacles. "I will confess all," she muttered. "I am the missing Mrs. Isaac Niblock. I want my husband back."

The detective spoke sharply. "You surely know that Mr. Niblock is no longer with us," he said. "You know that he was the victim of a dastardly and exceedingly conclusive murder. Or don't you think so?"

She shook her head. "He was always such a liar," she murmured.

For a moment the great detective was at a loss. But he rallied rapidly, affecting nonchalance by turning to his laboratory table and releasing a great cloud of hydrogen sulphide from a bubbling retort. At last he spoke, quietly and with the professional impersonality of the trained scientist. "I shall have to make a blood test," he remarked. "Have you any blood with you?"

She slowly unwrapped a small package. "I was going to have it for supper," she said. "Please don't use more than you must."

He examined it carefully. "Liver?" he asked.

"Calves' liver," she said.

In silence he reached for his microscope, adjusted its mirrors and focus, and gazed long and earnestly into it. Then he took a small test tube, filled it half full of a colorless liquid from the spigot, dropped into it a little blood and held it to the light. He shook his head dubiously. He reached for a stethoscope and applied it expertly to the raw meat before him. Occasionally he added an onion and at last two mushrooms. Then he rose, wiped his hands on his vest, and smiled briskly and triumphantly.

"Yes," he said, "it's calves' liver."

Chapter 8

The long arm of Scotland Yard had reached out at last and Philip Fleet was in its grasp. He had thought himself safe. With extraordinary cunning he had covered his flight, changing cars twice on the Seventh

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Avenue Subway and running in and out of seven different entrances at Times Square until he was positively dizzy. He had bought a ferry ticket to Hoboken and gone instead to Jersey City, where he locked himself into the washroom of a west-bound express, emerging at last when the dawn was breaking over Pittsburgh. At Pittsburgh he had secured employment as a puddler in a cheese mill, joined the Salvation Army, and slept that night at the Y. M. C. A. disguised as an Episcopalian. In the morning he walked out by a different door and struck out across the open prairie, stopping only to rest and wash his shirt in the muddy Mississippi, and lying down late at night in the very shadow of the Rockies. He was wrenched out of dreamless sleep at dawn by a hand on his shoulder. "You are under arrest," said a firm but kindly voice. "And I must warn you that anything you say may be used against you."

So he said nothing.

At Scotland Yard they took his Bertillon measurements, the initials on his underwear, and all his small change. Except for the formality of the third degree and a little beating with a blackjack, they treated him with uniform kindness and consideration, and he asked and received permission to call up his mother in Philadelphia. It took some time to complete the transatlantic connections, so that he remembered at last that his mother had died in infancy and he was indeed alone in the world. So he sat down and buried his face in his hands.

At this moment in far-off Chicago, Isaac Niblock — for it was indeed he — swung his way through the swinging door of the Mutual Coöperative Insurance Society and walked confidently to the first window on the left. "I've come for the insurance," he said.

"Certainly," said the clerk, and handed him fifty thousand dollars. Suddenly a piercing scream rang through the building. Everybody ducked behind the furniture save Isaac Niblock, who stood as though paralyzed. "Father," cried Alice — for it was indeed she — and fell fainting to the floor.

(*Not to be continued*)

(*Editorial Note:* We should like to complete this story, but we have unfortunately run out of detectives. So many of our best detectives are tied up in long-term contracts with one publisher or another that it is extraordinarily difficult to secure their attention to a comparatively simple mystery like the case of Isaac Niblock. We must leave it to the readers, with the assurance that they will not be disturbed by any officious officials in the course of their investigations and speculations. Who killed Isaac Niblock and why? Who was Rosa Fernandez and why? What did Philip Fleet do with the safety pin and why? What did the Governor of North Carolina say to the Governor of South Carolina? These are the questions in the case and the evidence is before you. We ourselves haven't the faintest idea.)

The S. & N. Antarctic Expedition

On board the good ship Gull, *'way down South; latitude 7.20 p.m. (daylight saving time); longitude $2.98 (plus a few cents for postage). Weather warmer; tides temporarily suspended for alterations and repairs.*

April 20, 1929.

Writing as I am in the very shadow of the South Pole, I sometimes find it difficult to keep my mind on the purely scientific aspects of our expedition, even though these are the chief justification for the considerable expense and enormous difficulties involved in our penetration into these frozen wastes. In the first place there is the difficulty of the ink. Unless constantly watched and occasionally heated with a blow torch or diluted with alcohol, it freezes solidly in the inkwell, and I am frequently interrupted in preparing my despatches by finding myself anchored fast in the very middle of a sentence or even a word. I am myself now thoroughly accustomed to the rigors of the climate, having lost a few toes and the extreme southernmost tip of my nose in the process of becoming so, but the ink is less adaptable to its environment. Had we thought to bring a pencil, the difficulty might have been avoided, but you can't think of everything.

I also find it difficult to resist the constant distractions of the Antarctic scene. Our day is fully occupied, what with feeding the walruses at dawn and the polar bears at noon, and reassembling the airplane whenever Commander Boid completes one of his daring

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flights over the Antarctic continent. We are all very busy, even in the evenings, when some of the boys entertain Flora and Fauna by playing "Ask Me Another" or "Authors," while the rest of us work at our memoirs. And then there is wash day. We have, I admit, no regular day for wash day. We lost our only calendar in a combination typhoon, monsoon and simoon in the South Atlantic, and since there are no Sunday papers here we have no way of discriminating Monday from — for example — Thursday. But whenever Captain Bittern changes his socks it is, by common agreement, wash day.

It is a striking and delightful scene. First we light a large fire on the ice, using packing cases and unimportant parts of the ship for fuel. When the ice melts sufficiently to allow the fire to fall through, we take turns at dipping our garments in the water, rubbing them occasionally with holystone in lieu of soap. We had brought a supply of soap, but unfortunately Flora and Fauna discovered it while attending a whoopee party on the ship and consumed it all before they could be stopped. When our garments are sufficiently washed for all practical purposes, we resume them, and there is a great deal of good-humored rivalry to see which of us can get his shirt on before it freezes. The officers, of course, always dress for dinner, and by stretching their shirts over a stanchion for a few moments in the cool breezes, they are assured at all times of an adequate supply of stiff-starched linen.

Nevertheless, we are proceeding with our scientific investigations according to schedule. Our most important discovery to date relates to the rich mineral resources of the great land before us. Commander Boid has flown twice over the mountain range to the south — which he has named the Comstock Ridge in graceful tribute to Mrs. Margaret Sanger — and his trained eye has discovered the tremendous commercial possibilities of the terrain. He points out that if — as he suspects — there is a bed of coal beneath these mountains of sufficient extent, there is enough of it to reduce the price of No. 1 Buckwheat by thirty-five cents a ton in Philadelphia, provided it can be mined and shipped with a minimum of expense. He further suggests that there may be oil here, and we have seen nothing to indicate the contrary. Mountains very much like these mountains have been known to contain gold, lead, copper and asbestos, and this is also an excellent place in which to look for platinum. If found in large quantities at or near the surface, these minerals could be shipped to America for the encouragement of American industry, provided there were some ships available and going in the right direction.

So we have decided to claim the territory in sight and for a safe distance beyond the horizon in the name of the United States. Nobody has made any serious objection, though a chance stranger who dropped in unexpectedly last Tuesday got a little excited. However, he spoke no English and was wearing a singularly inappropriate costume for a resident of Antarctica, and we all agreed not to take him seriously.

(*Editorial Note:* We admit that we are beginning to be a little worried over this expedition.)

April 23, 1929.

We are all much disturbed today over the disappearance of the ocean. It has turned very warm, and most of the adjacent ice has melted and run away, leaving our ship stranded on what appears to be a grassy hillside. Also we have lost two of the crew. They set out two days ago to take barometric readings and collect fossils, and about noon their radio communications abruptly ceased. It is possible, of course, that their radio set has gone dead or they may have tired of carrying it. Their last communication stated that they had just met a girl named Mary, and not to sit up for them. But we are much worried.

Commander Boid has just completed his longest flight to date, and reports the discovery of a very high mountain, the highest he has ever discovered. He states that it bears a striking resemblance to Mount Everest. He has claimed it in the name of the United States.

A Turkish peddler just dropped in and sold the cook half a dozen rugs.

(*Editorial Note:* We are increasingly worried over the expedition. We have radioed instructions to Commander Boid to claim no more territory until we have digested what we have already. We are also in communication with the British Government.)

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April 26, 1929.

The two missing men have been found. Commander Boid sighted them from the air, while they were engaged in picking wild flowers in the company of the girl Mary. With them was also an animal of the nature of a goat, which we later discovered to be Mary's little llama. The Commander has claimed the llama, together with three more mountains and two hundred thousand square miles of assorted scenery, in the name of the United States. One of the crew has had a fight with an Irishman, who was discovered canvassing for sewing machines at a monastery which turned up unexpectedly just round the corner of what was once the Bay of Whales. He is now resting easily.

We have seen no sign of the rival Antarctic expedition, and have about concluded that it never reached its destination.

(*Editorial Note:* Our worst suspicions are at last confirmed. Our S. and N. Antarctic Expedition never reached the South Polar continent. In some inexplicable fashion Commander Boid and his men are stranded in Afghanistan in the mountain fastnesses of the Hindu Kush. We don't know why it is, but whenever we send out Commander Boid to discover something, he discovers something else. Our present and probably unworthy impulse is to leave him where he is. In any case we wash our hands of him, and will not be held responsible for any debts, international disagreements or territorial disputes contracted by him. Furthermore, we shall publish no more of his despatches. If he wants to talk, he can come back to America and hire a hall. Probably he will anyway.)

SPRING SONG

We love the little woolly lambs
With fleece so snowy white,
Who from their little diaphragms
Bleat morning, noon and night.
But every lamb that I have seen
Has not been very neat or clean;
In fact, he is a smelly beast,
Or so it seems to me, at least.

Our Centre of Gravity

"'That was excellently observed,' say I when I read a passage in another where his opinion agrees with mine. When we differ, then I pronounce him to be mistaken."

SWIFT.

A pied piper who goes squeaking through the streets and offers to rid the world of rats by the magic of his secret tune, is a pleasing curiosity. But when he goes off at last with all the neighborhood children at his heels, the humor suddenly vanishes from the situation.

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It is demonstrable that Dr. John B. Watson, archpriest and chief prophet of Behaviorism, is not precisely a pied piper. Nor is the tune he plays strictly speaking his own, except that he plays it louder and more persistently than others and with a sharper eye to the audience. It is a tune that promises to rid the world of rats and rubbish, of all silly squeaking in cellars and scurry and confusion in attics. But few took it seriously or needed to, until it was discovered that whole hosts of hopeful youngsters were suddenly gone traipsing after it.

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There are many who make familiar mention of Behaviorism for one who knows what it is all about. Yet it is quite simple — so simple, in fact, that it cannot possibly be true. According to Behaviorism, everybody and everything behaves exactly as might and should be expected. The man who swears as he falls downstairs and the other who dies gloriously for the faith that is in him, are obeying exactly similar laws of reaction to their environment, and neither is fundamentally different from the egg that hops and splutters in the frying pan or the bullfrog that goes mooning and mourning after its mate.

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You observe how simple this is. No matter how you behave, you couldn't really help it; you couldn't do differently. If you did, it would simply be because you couldn't help that either. You are ham-strung and hog-tied by your bio-chemical reactions, your

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glandular orchestration, your folkways and nerve habits, and anything else that goes on inside you, conditioned and qualified by what goes on outside you. If you don't believe it, ask Dr. Watson. If anything turns up in your experience that fails to fit the Behavioristic formula, he will tell you to stretch the formula until it does.

In the dark days of superstition and the rights of man which are now so much despised, the familiar weapon of argument was the syllogism. The Behaviorists of today have one of their own, which is quite airtight so long as you don't stick pins in it. It runs somewhat like this:

(1) Everything that happens, any piece of behavior is the direct and inevitable result of precedent causes, as, for example, that a man will not sit still for long on a hot stove.

(2) When the precedent cause is not apparent, it's somewhere around anyhow, as, for example, a brick through the window implies that somebody threw it, even though there are no small boys in sight.

(3) Therefore any apparent discrepancies in Behaviorism or any phenomena which it does not explain, simply call for more and merrier Behaviorism, bigger and better Behaviorism, higher, wider and handsomer Behaviorism, until at last everything becomes as clear as mud.

When a true-blue, whole-hog Behaviorist gets himself wrapped up neatly in this three-cornered armor, there's nothing more to be done with him. He's having a good time, even though he doesn't look like it. He got that way by chasing his tail like an agitated puppy, and while he was doing it he was an exciting and interesting diversion. But when he catches his tail, thereby completing the circle of his logic, it is reasonably apparent to the bystanding eye that he hasn't got anywhere. And in the meantime the rest of the world still wonders why we behave like human beings, in spite of the war-cry of the Behaviorist that there ain't no such animal.

There is an old argument, which has endured since the dawn of man and still goes strong, between good logic and good sense. There are some things which man knows to be true and others which he can prove to be true, and they are not always the same things. The Behaviorist proves to his personal satisfaction that man is not a reasonable creature, that he is incapable of discrimination between good and evil, truth and falsity, right and wrong, and particularly because such things are delusions anyhow. The plain man doesn't believe it. Strangely and ironically, the Behaviorist doesn't believe it either. With energy, sincerity and apparent reason quite inappropriate to a machine, he labors to demonstrate that man is a machine. If he wins his argument, he proves *ipso facto* that he can't possibly know what he is talking about and that it doesn't matter anyway.

This is a nice little novelty in intellectual gymnastics, and if you like it you may have it. But it is interesting and disquieting that the thing has so many half-baked enthusiasts in its train. Their enthusiasm is probably not for Behaviorism in its raw state, for few of them could swallow it without mental and spiritual indigestion. It is more probably attractive as a working way out from the troublesome contemplation of such burdens as individual responsibility to something or somebody, the painful choice between bad, good and better, and the necessity of making up one's own mind, if any. Also it disposes without trace of the human soul, whose chief offense has always been that nobody can put his finger on it, and whose only justification is that it works better than any scientific substitute yet devised to take its place.

GENERAL INFORMATION

Question: "Who was Orpheus?"

Answer: Orpheus was the son of Calliope, patron saint of the circus and country fair. He attained a certain prominence in ancient Greece through his matrimonial difficulties, when his wife got involved in doubtful company and was submerged for a while in the underworld. Orpheus went looking for her, disguised as a wandering minstrel, and it is generally supposed that he originated the familiar phrase, "Where in hell's my wife?"

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